THE NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII ROBERT BONNER, { PUBLISHER, 90 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1867. TERMS. { $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 18.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

The minions of custom, and follies akin—
Those sheep of Panurge that old Rabelais mocks—
Have a way of excusing their thinness of skin,
And defending their manner of trooping in flocks,
By crying, with lips deprecatingly curled :—
"'Tis the way of the world, sirs, the way of the world!"

When Miss Frippet exchanges for lucre her heart,
And to Fashion devotes both her body and mind;
Becoming a ludicrous puppet of art,
And deforming the image her Maker designed ;—
If you doubt or demur; in your teeth straight is hurled :—
"Good lack! one must follow the way of the world!"

When the queer wheel of Fortune, revolving by chance
Brings the Nobodies up, and the Somebodies down,
And the N.'s eye the S.'s, disdainful, askance,
While the S.'s pass by with an envious frown;
If you venture a Christian remonstrance to urge :—
"'Tis the way of the world!" bleat these sheep of Panurge.

When the Old scorn the Young; when the Young mock the Old;
When those whom Temptation has never beset,
Their succoring hand from the fallen withhold,
And, robed in their virtue, His precept forget
Who bade the first stone by the sinless be hurled :—
Their shibboleth still is "the way of the world!"

'Tis the Pharisee's "saw," and the Hypocrite's plea;
'Tis a shallow device on the 'scutcheon of Fools;
'Tis a lure, like the light of the wrecker, at sea,
That shines to betray; 'tis the cant of the schools
Where Custom sits mistress, blind, palsied, and gray :—
Aye! "the way of the world" is a damnable way!

* * *

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW-ENGLAND SUNDAY.

Time waits for no man, and least of all for [illegible] Sunday in Norwood, where travelling on Sunday is yet against the law.

It is worth all the inconveniences arising from the occasional over-action of New-England Sabbath observance, to obtain the full flavor of a New-England Sunday. But for this, one should have been born there; should have found Sunday already waiting for him, and accepted it with implicit and absolute conviction, as if it were a law of nature, in the same way that night and day, summer and winter are parts of nature. He should have been brought up by parents who had done the same thing; as *they* were by parents even more strict, if that were possible; until, not religious persons peculiarly, but everybody,—not churches alone, but society itself and all its population, those who broke it as much as those who kept it—were stained through with the color of Sunday. Nay, until Nature had adopted it, and laid its commands on all birds and beasts, on the sun and winds, and upon the whole atmosphere so that, without much imagination one might imagine, in a genuine New-England Sunday of the Connecticut river valley stamp, that God was still on that day, resting from all the work which he had created and made, and that all his work rested with him!

Over all the town rested the Lord's peace! The saw was ripping away yesterday in the carpenter's shop, and the hammer was noisy enough. To-day there is not a sign of life there. The anvil makes no music to-day. Tommy Taft's buckets and barrels give forth no hollow, thumping sound. The mill is silent—only the brook continues noisy. Listen! In yonder pine woods what a wing of crows! Like an echo, in a wood still more remote, other crows are answering. But even a crow's throat to-day is musical. Do they think, because they have black coats on, that they are parsons, and have a right to play pulpit with all the pine trees? Nay. The birds will not let any such monopoly,—they are all singing, and singing all together, and no one cares whether his song rushes across another's or not. Larks and robins, blackbirds and orioles, sparrows and bluebirds, mocking cat-birds and wrens were throwing the air with such mixtures as no other day but Sunday, when all artificial and human sounds cease, could ever hear. Every now and then a bob'o-link seemed impressed with the duty of bringing these jangling birds into some regularity; and like a country singing-master he flew down the ranks, singing all the parts himself in snatches, as if to stimulate and help laggards. In vain! Sunday is the birds' day, and they will have their own democratic worship!

There was no sound in the village street. Look either way—a vehicle, not a human being! The smoke goes up soberly and quietly, as if it said—It is Sunday! The leaves on the great elms hung motionless, glittering in dew, as if they too, like people who dwelt under their shadow, were waiting for the bell to ring for meeting. Bees sung and flew as usual, but honey-bees have Sunday way with them all the week, and could scarcely change for the better on the seventh day!

But oh, the sun! It had sent before and cleared every cloud out of the sky. The blue heaven was dim and low, as on secular days, but curved away up, as if on Sunday it shook off all incumbrance which during the week had lowered and [illegible] it, and sprang back to the arch and symmetry of a dome. All ordinary sounds caught the spirit of the day. The shutting door sounded twice as far as usual. The sound of the bucket in a neighbor's yard, no longer mixed with heterogeneous noises, seemed a new sound. The hens went silently about, and roosters crowed in psalm-tunes. And when the bell rung, Nature seemed overjoyed to find something that it might do without breaking Sunday, and rolled the sound over and over, and pushed it through the air, and raced with it over field and hill, twice as far as on week days. There were no less than seven steeples in sight from the belfry, and the sexton said: "On still Sundays I've heard the bell, at one time and another, when the day was fair, and the air moving in the right way, from every one of them steeples, and I guess likely they've all heard our'n."

"Come, Rose!" said Agate Bissell, at an even earlier hour than when Rose usually awakened—"Come, Rose, it is the Sabbath. We must not be late Sunday morning of all days in the week. It is the Lord's day."

There was little preparation required for the day. Saturday night, in some parts of New England, was considered almost as sacred as Sunday itself. After sundown on Saturday night no play, and no work, except such as is immediately preparatory to the Sabbath, were deemed becoming in good Christians. The clothes had been laid out the night before. Nothing was forgotten. The best frock was ready; the hose and shoes were waiting. Every article of linen, every ruffle and ribbon, were selected on Saturday night. Every one in the house walked mildly. Every one spoke in a low tone. Yet all were cheerful. The mother had on her kindest face, and nobody laughed, but everybody made it up in smiling. The nurse smiled, and the children held on to keep down a giggle within the lawful bounds of a smile; and the doctor looked rounder and calmer than ever; and the dog flapped his tail on the floor with a softened sound, as if he had fresh wrapped it in hair for that very day. Aunt Toodie, the cook, (so the children had changed Mrs. Sarah Good's name,) was blacker than ever and shinier than ever, and her coffee better, and the cream richer, and the broiled chickens juicier and more tender, and the biscuit whiter and the corn-bread more brittle and sweet.

When the good doctor read the Scriptures at family prayer, the infection of silence had subdued everything except the clock. Out of the wide hall could be heard in the stillness the old clock, that now lifted up its voice with unwonted emphasis, as if, unnoticed through the bustling week, Sunday was its vantage ground, to proclaim to mortals the swift flight of time! And if the old pedant performed the task with something of an ostentatious precision, it was because in that house nothing else put on official airs, and the clock felt the responsibility of doing it for the whole mansion!

And now came mother and catechism; for Mrs. Wentworth followed the old custom, and declared that no child of hers should grow up without catechism. Secretly the doctor was quite willing, though openly he played off upon the practice a world of good-natured discouragement, and declared that there should be an opposition set up—a catechism of Nature, with natural laws for decrees, and seasons for Providence, and flowers for graces! The younger children were taught in simple catechism. But Rose, having reached the mature age of twelve, was now manifesting her power over the Westminster Shorter Catechism, and as it was simply an achievement of memory and not of the understanding, she had the book at great advantage, and soon subdued every question and answer in it. As much as possible the doctor was kept aloof on such occasions. His grave questions were not to edification, and often they caused Rose to stumble, and brought down sorely the exultation with which she rolled forth "they that are effectually called do in this life partake of justification, adoption, sanctification and the several benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from them."

"What do those words mean, Rose?"

"Which words, pa?"

"Adoption, sanctification and justification?"

Rose hesitated, and looked at her mother for rescue.

"Doctor, why do you trouble the child? Of course, she don't know yet all the meaning. But that will come to her when she grows older."

"You make a nest of her memory, then, and put words there, like eggs, for future hatching?"

"Yes, that is it exactly; birds do not hatch their eggs the minute they lay them. They wait."

"Laying eggs at twelve to be hatched at twenty is subjecting them to some risk, is it not?"

"It might be so with eggs, but not with catechism. That will keep without spoiling a hundred years!"

"Because it is so dry?"

"Because it is so good. But do, dear husband, go away, and not put notions in the children's heads. It's hard enough already to get them through their tasks. Here's poor Arthur, who has been two Sundays on one question, and has not got it yet."

Arthur, aforesaid, was sharp and bright in anything addressed to his reason, but he had no verbal memory, and he was therefore wading painfully through the catechism like a man in a deep, muddy road, with this difference, that the man carries too much clay with him, while nothing stuck to poor Arthur. Great was the lad's pride and exultation on a former occasion when his mother advanced him from the smaller catechism to the dignity of the Westminster Catechism. He could hardly wait for Sunday to begin his conquests. He was never known after the first Sunday to show any farther impatience. He had been four weeks in reaching the fourth question, and two weeks already had he lain before that luminous answer, beating on it, like a ship too deeply laden, and unable to cross the bar.

"What is God, Arthur?" said his mother.

"God is—is a—God is—and God—God is a——"

Having got safely so far, the mother suggests "spirit," at which he gasps eagerly, "God is a Spirit."

"Infinite," says the mother.

"Infinite," says Arthur.

And then blushing and twisting in his chair, he seemed unable to extract anything more.

"Eternal," says the mother.

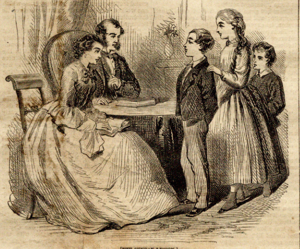
"Eternal," says the boy.

"Well, go on; God is a spirit, infinite, eternal;—what else?"

"God is a spirit, eternal, infinite,—what else?"

"Nonsense," says the startled mother.

"Nonsense," goes on the boy, supposing it to be a part of the regular answer.



[THE SUNDAY LESSON.]

"Arthur, stop!—what work you are making!"

To stop was the very exercise in Catechism at which he was most proficient; and he stopped so fully and firmly that nothing more could be got out of him or into him during the exercise. But his sorrow soon fled, for the second bell had rung, and it was just time to walk, and "everybody was going," the servant reported. The doctor had been called away, and his wife and the children moved down the yard,—Rose with demure propriety, and Arthur and his eight year old brother, Charles, with less piety manifest in deportment, but, on the whole, with decent demeanor. The beauty of the day, the genial season of the year, brought forth every one—old men and their feebler old wives, young and hearty men and their plump and ruddy companions,—young men and girls and children, thick as punctuation points in Hebrew text, filled the street. In a low voice, they spoke to each other in single sentences.

"A fine day! There'll be a good congregation out to-day."

"Yes; we may expect a house-full. How is Widow Cheney—have you heard?"

"Well, not much better; can't hold out many days. It will be a great loss to the children."

"Yes; but we must all die—nobody can skip his turn. Does she still talk about them that's gone?"

"They say not. I believe she's sunk into a quiet way; and it looks as if she would go off easy."

"Sunday is a good day for dying—it's about the only journey that speeds well on this day!"

There was something striking in the outflow of people into the street that, till now, had seemed utterly deserted. There was no fevered hurry; no negligent or poorly-dressed people. Every family came in groups—old folks and young children; and every member blossomed forth in his best apparel, like a rose-bush in June. Do you know that man in a silk hat and new black coat? Probably it is some stranger. No; it is the carpenter, Mr. Baggs, who was racing about yesterday with his sleeves rolled up, and a dust-and-business look in his face! I knew you would not know him. Adams Gardner, the blacksmith,—does he not look every inch a judge, now that he is clean-washed, shaved, and dressed? His eyes are as bright as the sparks that fly from his anvil!

Are not the folks proud of their children? See what groups of them! How ruddy and plump are most! Some are roguish, and cut clandestine capers at every chance. Others seem like wax-figures, so perfectly proper are they. Little hands go slyly through the pickets to pluck a tempting flower. Other hands carry hymn-books or Bibles. But, carry what they may, dressed as each parent can afford, is there any thing the sun shines upon more beautiful than these troops of Sunday-children?

The old bell had it all its own way up in the steeple. It was the licensed noise of the day. In a long shed behind the church stood a score and half-score of wagons and chaises and carryalls,—the horses already beginning the forenoon's work of stamping and whisking the flies. More were coming. Hiram Beers had "hitched up," and brought two loads with his new hack, and now, having secured the team, he stood with a few admiring young fellows about him, remarking on the people as they came up.

"There's Trowbridge—he'll git asleep afore the first prayer's over. I don't b'lieve he's heerd a sermon in ten years. I've seen him sleep standin' up in singin'.

"Here comes Deacon Marble,—smart old feller, ain't he?—wouldn't think it, jest to look at him! Face looks like an ear of last summer's sweet corn, all dried up; but I tell ye he's got the juice in him yit. Aunt Polly's gittin' old, aint she? They say she can't walk half the time—lost the use of her limbs; but it's all gone to her tongue. That's as good as a razor, and a sight better 'n mine, for it never needs sharpenin'.

"Stand away, boys, there's 'Biah Cathcart. Good horses—not fast, but mighty strong, just like the owner."

And with that Hiram touched his new Sunday hat to Mrs. Cathcart and Alice; and as he took the horses by the bits, he dropped his head and gave the Cathcart boys a look of such awful solemnity, all except one eye, that they lost their sobriety. Barton alone remained sober as a judge.

"Here comes 'Dot-and-Go One' and his wife. They're my kind o' Christians. She is a saint, at any rate."

"How is it with you, Tommy Taft?"

"Fair to middlin', thank'e. Such weather would make a handspike blossom, Hiram!"

"Don't you think that's a leetle strong, Tommy, for Sunday? P'raps you mean afore it's cut?"

"Sartin; that's what I mean. But you mustn't stop me, Hiram. Parson Buell 'll be lookin' for me. He never begins till I git there."

"You mean you always git there 'fore he begins?"

Next, Hiram's prying eyes saw Mr. Turfmould, the sexton and undertaker, who seemed to be in a pensive meditation upon all the dead that he had ever buried. He looked upon men in a mild and pitying manner, as if he forgave them for being in good health. You could not help feeling that he gazed upon you with a professional eye, and saw just how you would look in the condition which was to him the most interesting period of a man's earthly state. He walked with a soft tread, as if he was always at a funeral; and, when he shook your hand, his left hand half-followed his right, as if he were about beginning to lay you out. He was one of the few men absorbed by his business, and who unconsciously measured all things from its stand-point.

"Good-morning, Mr. Turfmould! How's your health? How's business with you?"

"Good—the Lord be praised! I've no reason to complain."

And he glided silently and smoothly into the church.

"There comes Judge Bacon, white and ugly," said the critical Hiram. "I wonder what he comes to meetin' for. Lord knows he needs it, sly, slippery old sinner! Face 's as white as a lily; his heart's as black as a chimney flue afore it's cleaned. He'll get his flue burned out if he don't repent. And he won't repent, that's certain. He don't believe the Bible. They say he don't believe in God. Wal, I guess it's pretty even between 'em. Shouldn't wonder if God didn't believe in him neither."

Hiram's prejudices were perhaps a little too severe. The judge was very selfish, but not otherwise bad. He would not do a positively bad deed if he could help it; but he neglected to do a great many good ones which other men with warm hearts would have done. But he made up in manner whatever he lacked in feeling. Dressed with unexceptionable propriety, his whole bearing was dignified and kind. No man in the village spoke more musically and gently; no one met you with a greater cordiality. His expressions of kind wishes, and his anxiety to serve you, needed only a single instance of hearty fulfilment to make Judge Bacon seem sincerely and unusually kind. But those who had most to do with him found that he was cold and selfish at heart, inflexible and unfeeling when seeking his rights or interests; and his selfishness was the more ghastly as it clothed itself in the language and manners of gentle goodwill.

"He talks to you," said Hiram, "just as Black Sam lathers you; a kind of smooth rubbing goes on, and you feel soft and satisfied with yourself, and sort o' lean to him, when he takes you by the nose and shaves, and shaves, and shaves, and it's so smooth that you don't feel the razor. But I tell you, when you git away your skin smarts. You've been shaved."

"Here come the Bages, and the Weekses, and a whole raft from Hardscrabble," said Hiram, as five or six one-horse wagons drove up. At a glance one could see that these were farmers who lived to work. They were spare in figure, brown in complexion—everything worn off but bone and muscle—like ships with iron masts and wire rigging. They drove little nubbins of horses, tough and rough, that had never felt a blanket in winter or known a leisure day in summer.

"Them fellers," said Hiram, "is just like stones. I don't believe there's any blood or innards in 'em, more'n in a crowbar. They work early, and work all day, and in the night, and keep workin', and never seem to git tired except Sunday, when they've nothin' to do. You know when Fat Porter was buried, they couldn't git him into the hearse, and had to carry him with poles, and Weeks was one of the bearers, and they had a pretty heavy time of it, nigh about three hours, what with liftin' and fixin' him at the house, and fetchin' him to the church door, and then carryin' him to the graveyard, and Weeks said he hadn't enjoyed a Sunday so much he couldn't tell when.

"'Hiram,' sez he, 'I should like Sunday as well as week days if I could work on it; but I git awful tired doin' nothin'.'

"They say," said Hiram, "that they never do exactly die up in Hardscrabble. They work up and up, and grow thinner and thinner like a knife-blade, till they git so small that some day they accidentally git misplaced or dropped, and nobody misses 'em. So that they die off in a general way, like pins, without any one of 'em makin' a particular fuss about it. But I guess that aint so," added Hiram, with a grave air, as if fearing that he might mislead the young folks about him. Then, with demure authority, he said: "Boys, go in; the bell's done tollin', and meetin's goin' to begin. Go in, and don't make a noise, and see you tell me where the text is. I've got to look after these horses, or they'll get mixed up."

This remark was called forth by a squeal and a rattle and backing of wagons, which showed that mischief was already brewing.

Having got the people all safely into church, Hiram bestowed his attention on the horses. The whole green was lined with horses. Every hitching post, and the railing along the sidewalk and at the fronts of stores, were closely occupied.

Seeing Pete leaning on Dr. Wentworth's gate, Hiram beckoned him over, and employed him in his general tour of inspection as a bishop might employ his chaplain. Here the reins had been pulled under a horse's feet; next, a horse had got his bridle off; another had backed and filled till the wagon wheels were cramped; and at each position, Hiram issued orders to Pete, who good-naturedly, and as a matter indisputable, did as he was ordered. If Hiram had told Pete to shoulder one of the horses, he would have made the attempt.

"Look here, Pete, if that aint a shame, then there aint no truth in the ten commandments! A man that'll drive a horse with a sore shoulder like that is a brute. Jest feel how hot it is,—Pete, you get a bucket of water, and put a little warm in it to take off the chill, and wash that off, and take him out of harness,—I swow!—and I don't know but I ought to say, I swear!—for it's Sunday work. Anyhow, if Blakeslee don't know any better than that, he ought not to own a horse. There he is in church, a-hearin' the Gospel, and feelin' all over as comfortable as a cruller, and he's left his horse out here to the flies and the sun, with a shoulder that's a disgrace to Christianity. But that's the way with us pretty much all 'round. If we are good here, we are bad there. Folkses' good and bad is like a board-teeter,—if one end goes up, t'other is sure to go down."

It was curious to see Pete's superiority to Hiram in the matter of dogs. In several wagons lay the master's dog, and Hiram was not permitted to approach without dispute; but there was not a dog big or little, cross or affectionate, that did not own the mysterious power that Pete had over animals. Even dogs in whom a sound conscience was bottomed on an ugly temper, practised a surly submission to Pete's familiarity.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, when Dr. Wentworth, returning from his round of visits, found Hiram sitting on the fence, his labors over, and waiting for Dr. Buell to finish.

"Not in church, Hiram? I'm afraid you've not been a good boy!"

"Don't know. Some body must take care of the outside as well as inside of church. Dr. Buell rubs down the folks, and I rub the horses; he sees that their tacklin' is all right in there, and I do the same out here. Folks and animals are pretty much of a muchness, and they'll bear a sight of takin' care of."

"Whose nag is that one, Hiram,—the roan?"

"That's Deacon Marble's."

"Why he seems to sweat, standing still!"

Hiram's eye twinkled.

"You needn't say nothin', Doctor,—but I thought it a pity so many horses shouldn't be doin' any thing! Of course, they don't know any thing about Sunday,—it aint like workin' a creatur' that reads the Bible,—so I just slipped over to Skiddy's widder—she aint been out doors this two months, and I knew she ought to have the air—and I gave her about a mile! She was afraid 'twould be breakin' Sunday,—'Not a bit,' says I; 'didn't the Lord go out Sundays, and set folks off with their beds on their backs; and didn't He pull oxen and sheep out of ditches, and do all that sort of thing?' If she'd knew that I took the Deacon's team, she'd been worse afraid. But I knew the Deacon would like it; and if Polly didn't, so much the better. I like to spite those folks that's too particular!—There, Doctor, there's the last hymn!"

It rose upon the air, softened by distance and the enclosure of the building,—rose and fell in regular movement. Even Hiram's tongue ceased. The vireo, in the tops of the elm, hushed its shrill snatches. Again the hymn rose, and this time fuller and louder, as if the whole congregation had caught the spirit. Men's and women's voices, and little children's were in it. Hiram said, without any of his usual pertness:

"Doctor, there's somethin' in folks singin' when you are outside the church that makes you feel as though you ought to be inside. Mebbe a fellow will be left outside, up there, when they're singin'—if he don't look out."

When the last verse had ended, a pause and silence ensued. Then came a gentle bustle, a sound of pattering feet. Out shot a boy, and then two or three, and close upon them a bunch of men. The doors were wide open and thronged. The whole green was covered with people, and the sidewalks were crowded.

Tommy Taft met the minister at the door, and put out his great rough hand to shake.

"Thankee, Doctor—thankee; very well done. Couldn't do it better myself. It'll do good—know it! Feel better myself; I need just such preachin'—mouldy old sinner—need a scourin' about once a week. Dreffal wicked to hev such doctrine, and not be no better—aint it Doctor?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

We are not to suppose, in a New-England town, that the measure of a sermon's effect is to be judged by the impression immediately produced upon the audience. There are usually in every large church in a New-England town several families of great refinement and trained to scholarly thought. But, aside from these, there are scores of plain men who have from their very infancy been trained to read, think, and discuss moral problems often the most remote from ordinary life. Many of these homely and awkward bodies carry in them fine machinery. A sermon, therefore, falls upon such an audience as the waters do upon mill-wheels. However much it may sparkle and rush upon the great external wheel, that is but a small part of the effect produced. The whole interior is set in motion—spindles twirl, looms clank, and the whole building is filled with buzzing activity.

When the congregation breaks up they carry out the subject with them. It probes them, excites them, sharpens them; and in scores of homes for the day and week, around the table, young and old controvert, defend, or variously follow out the Sunday sermon. In this way the community is seasoned with religious thought. Even if sometimes a too exclusively doctrinal discourse draws upon itself the charge of being unpractical, it can seldom be charged with emptiness or mere sentimentalism. There is apt to be food in it for men. Let us listen to some of the comments.

Judge Bacon walks with Mr. Gallup—and knowing that Mr. Gallup would repeat whatever he said, and that it would speedily reach the minister's ears, he remarks:

"An excellent performance. The grounds were well taken, the proofs judiciously arranged, and the application timely. It was a very clever performance. As a specimen of special pleading, I think it would have ranked high in any court."

"Father," said his daughter, "do you believe in the *doctrine*?"

"Well, my daughter, in things so mysterious and profound as the conditions of Final Perseverance, it may be presumptuous to say that we believe—at any rate, further than we understand—but one may fitly say that were such a doctrine conceived as being true, Dr. Buell has undoubtedly presented it to-day in its most admirable manner."

Squire Yates, who never put his foot in a church from year's end to year's end, was waiting at Judge Bacon's door for a moment's interview:

"Well, Judge, been to church, eh? Believe every word? What was it—election, dependence, or sovereignty?'

"Tut, tut," said Judge Bacon, smiling knowingly, "it was on the perseverance of saints. I have concluded to persevere. You should have heard it—it was likewise profitable for sinners.—What did you hear of our matters in New York? Is the failure bad? Shall we secure much for our clients?"

"Oh, aunt, I wish our minister didn't preach such long sermons," said a blooming girl of twelve to a sensible but rigid and conscientious aunt, Miss Eccleston, who was not only determined to be good, but fiercely determined; and just as determined that everybody that she had anything to do with should be good, too. She was angular and something stern outwardly, but true as steel within; straightforward, truthful, and as unbounded in kindness as she was energetic in duty.

"My dear," said she, emphatically, "you don't go to church to be easy. That isn't what religion is for. It is to stir us up. We are naturally lazy. I don't believe in plush cushions in the pew nor plush sermons in the pulpit. Feathers! feathers! is the ruin of many souls. The rod is what folks need."

"But, Aunt, don't you think a sermon that interests you does more good than one that don't?"

"My dear, you *ought* to be interested. Dr. Buell didn't make the truth—God made it. The minister's business is to give it to the people as he finds it, and it's their business to be interested."

An older niece modestly asked:

"Well, Aunt, if the minister has only to give us the truth as he finds it, why, then, does he not read the Bible, and stop?"

"Why, what's got into you, children? I don't think it is an improving spirit for people to criticise what they hear, and find fault with the sermon. There's enough in every one of 'em, if we were in a right state of mind, to do us good. It is bad manners to find fault with your food at table, and a good deal worse at church."

The Cathcarts went to the Wentworths'. On a plain table stood some crackers and cheese, some plain gingerbread, and a plate of butter, while fragrant tea drew all eyes toward the head of the table.

Cathcart, in a very clear and concise manner, stated to the doctor the substance of the sermon. He applauded it as an intellectual effort, but inclined to doubt if it was strictly Scriptural.

"I am inclined to think that the Arminian and Calvinist, when not under controversial fire, hold the facts substantially alike. The issue is not necessary, is forced, is abstract, which divides them on this point. I am inclined to think high doctrinal preaching is less often useful than some suppose."

"There are two sides to that, Cathcart," said Wentworth; "New-England metaphysics have been a powerful agent against materialism. It may be that at any given time, a high doctrinal sermon is not so edifying as a simple practical one would be. But a community brought up, through a hundred years, to task their thought upon themes remote, difficult, and infinite, will be far nobler than if they had been fed upon easy thought. Something is always to be considered in such discussions, not only as to the effect of preaching on the immediate conduct, but also as to a slower, though even more important effect, upon that whole moral constitution and mental habit which is the grand fountain and source of conduct."

"But do you not see churches worn out and wasted with such dry discussion?"

"The fault is not in the idea, but in the execution. Either extreme becomes unfruitful. High philosophic thought may, and should, lead to broad practical applications."

"I see what you mean. True doctrinal preaching, though it lies high, should, like clouds, before it gets through, come down to the ground in rain."

"Exactly. Look at the history of New-England mind in a large way. I think we owe everything to her theologians, and most to the most doctrinal. They were shut out from the world—in danger of becoming provincial and narrow. The outlet was found—not in cosmopolitan social customs, nor in art or literature—but in theology. Such men as Edwards, Hopkins, Smalley, West, Bellamy, Backus, Burton, Emmons lifted up the New-England mind into a range of speculation and conviction that ennobled and strengthened it as art never could have done."

"You are right; but I don't see what you can do with your consistency, for I've heard you trim Dr. Buell to his face for his metaphysical sermons."

"Only for *word*-sermons; thought-sermons cannot be too high. But a tangle of reasonings made up mostly of nice distinctions of words is an imposition on philosophy. Buell does not often get into this vicious style. But I could show you good specimens of what I call vermicular sermons—a mere snarl of words crawling over and over each other, all through the nest."

"But what if a minister preaches real thoughts, but leaves them without application?"

"He is like a man who draws a bucket of water from a deep, deep well,—like yours, for instance, sixty feet deep,—good water, clear, cold, wholesome; and, just as he brings the bucket up within a few feet of the curb, he fastens it there, where you can't reach it, and leaves you thirsty. A cup of water that you cannot reach is as far off from you two feet below the face of the well as if it were at the bottom again!"

Farmers, having looked at their horses, and given them a wisp of hay, or a few oats, were sitting about in groups, talking of various things, but every one of them, first or last, had something to say of the sermon. Many a quaint originality was dropped unnoticed. Many a homely illustration was suggested full of real poetry without its form. Some, of better information, and habits of reading, led off into criticisms on the one side, or defences on the other, which showed that, however dry to some, the doctor had reached the minds of others, and set them in earnest activity.

Hiram had gone his rounds and now joined the group; and having learned the subject of the sermon, he expressed himself promptly:

"Them pesky Methodists is gittin' in this town, and preachin' up fallin' from grace, and ridiculin' election. Now them Calvin doctrines belongs to this town. They've always growed here. You might as well cut down these old elm trees, and put up some of your new-fangled spindlin' trees that look like brooms bottom upward, as to set out these Methodist notions here."

"Well, Hiram, don't you believe a man *can* fall from grace?"

"He's no business to; he ought to keep right along—that's my notion."

"But that aint to the pint. *Can't* a Christian man fall from grace?"

"It's my notion that if a man is once convarted, he'll stay convarted. If he's got grace, he'll keep it."

"You mean it will keep him."

"If a man falls, and it don't hurt him much, it shows that there wan't no grace about it; 'twas something else he fell from, that wan't very high up neither. A fellow's apt to be smashed up, if he falls from grace, I tell ye! It's like fallin' off the south side of Mount Holyoke."

The more thoughtful men refused to discuss the cases in real life that some instanced. It was a mere question of Scripture. If the Bible said so it was so, and we must submit our reason to God's Word.

It was allowed that there were some passages that *looked* like falling from grace. But they were speedily captured by ranks of others; and as there was no one present who cared to be thought Arminian, the discussion soon waned, and was finally closed by Hiram, who laid it down with emphasis:

"They haven't no Scripture on their side. They just *do* it, and then they think they've proved it; but that aint worth shucks for argument."

As soon as the afternoon service was over every horse on the green knew that it was time for him to go home. Some grew restless and whinnied for their masters. Nimble hands soon put them into the shafts, or repaired any irregularity of harness. Then came such a scramble of vehicles to the church door, for the older persons; while young women and children, venturing further out upon the green, were taken up hastily, that the impatient horses might, soon as possible, turn their heads homeward. Clouds of dust began to arise along every outward-going road. In less than ten minutes not a wagon or chaise was seen upon the village green. They were whirling homeward at the very best pace that the horses could raise. Stiff old steeds vainly essayed a nimbler gait, but gave it up in a few rods, and fell back to the steady jog. Young horses, tired of long standing, and with a strong yearning for evening oats, shot along the level ground, rushed up the little hills, or down upon the other side, in the most un-Sunday-like haste. The scene was not altogether like the return from a military funeral, *to* which men march with sad music and slow, but *from* which they return nimbly marching to the most brilliant quick-step.

In half an hour Norwood was quiet again. The dinner, on Sunday, when for the sake of the outlying population the two services are brought near together in the middle of the day, was usually deferred till the ordinary supper hour. It was evident that the tone of the day was changed. Children were not so strictly held in. There was no loud talking, nor was laughing allowed, but a general feeling sprung up around the table that the severer tasks of the day were ended.

Devout and age-sobered people sat in a kind of golden twilight of meditation. The minister in his well-ordered house, tired with a double service, mingled thoughts both glad and sad. His tasks were ended. He was conscious that he had manfully done his best. But that best doing, as he reflected upon it, seemed so poor, so unworthy of the nobleness of the theme, and so relatively powerless upon the stubborn stuff of which his people's dispositions were made, that there remained a vague, unquiet sense of blame upon his conscience.

It was Dr. Wentworth's habit to walk with his family in the garden, early in the morning and late in the afternoon. If early, Rose was usually his company; in the afternoon the whole family, Agate Bissell always excepted. She had in full measure that peculiar New-England feeling that Sunday is to be kept by staying in the house, except such time as is spent at church. And, though she never, impliedly even, rebuked the doctor's resort to his garden, it was plain that deep down in her heart she thought it an improper way of spending Sunday; and in that view she had the secret sympathy of almost all the noteworthy villagers. Had any one, upon that day, made Agate a visit, unless for some plain end of necessity or mercy, she would have deemed it a personal affront.

Sunday was the Lord's day. Agate acted as if any use of it for her own pleasure would be literal and downright stealing.

"We have six days for our own work. We ought not to begrudge the Lord one whole day."

Two circumstances distressed honest Agate's conscience. The one was that the incursion of summer visitors from the city was tending manifestly to relax the Sabbath, especially after the church services. The other was that Dr. Wentworth would, occasionally, allow Judge Bacon to call in and discuss with him topics suggested by the sermons. She once expressed herself in this wise:

"Either Sunday is worth keeping or it is not. If you do keep it, it ought to be strictly done. But lately Sunday is ravelling out at the end. We take it on like a summer dress, which in the morning is clean and sweet, but at night it is soiled at the bottom and much rumpled all over."

Dr. Wentworth sat with Rose on one side and her mother on the other, in the honeysuckle-corner, where the west could be seen, great trees lying athwart the horizon, and chequering the golden light with their dark masses. Judge Bacon had turned the conversation upon this very topic.

"I think our Sundays in New England are Puritan and Jewish, more than Christian. They are days of restriction rather than of joyousness. They are fast-days, not feast-days."

"Do you say that as a mere matter of historical criticism, or do you think that they could be improved practically?"

"Both. It is susceptible of proof that the early Christian Sunday was a day of triumph and of much social joy. It would be well if we could follow primitive example."

"Judge, I am hardly of your opinion. I should be unwilling to see our New-England Sunday changed, except, perhaps, by a larger social liberty *in* each family. Much might be done to make it attractive to children, and to relieve older persons from *ennui*. But, after all, we must judge things by their fruits. If you bring me good apples, it is in vain to abuse the tree as craggy, rude, or homely. The fruit redeems the tree."

"A very comely figure, Doctor, but not very good reasoning. New England has had something at work upon her beside her Sundays. What you call the 'fruit' grew, a good deal of it, at any rate, on other trees than Sunday trees."

"You are only partly right. New England character and history are the result of a wide-spread system of influences of which the Sabbath day was the type—and not only so, but the grand motive power. Almost every cause which has worked benignly among us has received its inspiration and impulse largely from this One Solitary Day of the week.

"It is true that all the vegetable growths that we see about us here depend upon a great variety of causes; but there is one cause that is the condition of power in every other, and that is the Sun! And so, many as have been the influences working at New England character, Sunday has been a generic and multiplex force, inspiring and directing all others. It is, indeed, the *Sun's* day.

"It is a little singular that, borrowing the name from the heathen calendar, it should have tallied so well with the Scripture name, the Lord's day—that Lord who was the Morning Star in early day, and at length the Sun of Righteousness!"

"The Jews called it the Sabbath—a day of rest. Modern Christians call it the *Sun's* day, or the day of light, warmth and growth. If this seems fanciful so far as the names of the day are concerned, it is strikingly characteristic of the real spirit of the two days, in the ancient and modern dispensation. I doubt if the old Jews ever kept a Sabbath religiously, as we understand that term. Indeed, I suspect there was not yet a religious strength in that national character that could hold up religious feeling without the help of social and even physical adjuvants. Their religious days were either fasts or like our Thanksgiving days. But the higher and richer moral nature which has been developed by Christianity enables communities to sustain one day in seven upon a high spiritual plane, with the need of but very little social help, and without the feasting element at all."

"That may be very well for a few saints like you and me, Doctor, but it is too high for the majority of men. Country people find the strict Sundays a great annoyance, and clandestinely set them aside."

"I doubt it. There are a few in every society that live by their sensuous nature. Sunday must be a dead day to them. A dark room. No wonder they break through. But it is not so with the sturdy, unsophisticated laboring class in New England. If it came to a vote, you would find that the farmers of New England would be the defenders of the day, even if screwed up to the old strictness. Their instinct is right. It is an observance that has always worked its best effects upon the common people, and if I were to change the name, I should call Sunday, THE POOR MAN'S-DAY.

"Men do not yet perceive that the base of the brain is full of despotism, and the coronal brain is radiant with liberty. I mean that the laws and relations which grow out of men's relations in physical things are the sternest and hardest, and at every step in the ascent toward reason and spirituality, the relations grow more kindly and free.

"Now, it is natural for men to prefer an animal life. By-and-by they will learn that such a life necessitates force, absolutism. It is natural for unreflecting men to complain when custom or institutions hold them up to some higher degree. But that higher degree has in it an element of emancipation from the necessary despotisms of physical life. If it were possible to bring the whole community up to a plane of spirituality, it would be found that there and there only could be the highest measure of liberty. And this is my answer to those who grumble at the restriction of Sunday liberty. It is only the liberty of the senses that suffers. A higher and nobler civil liberty, moral liberty, social liberty, will work out of it. Sunday is the common people's Magna Charta."

"Well done, doctor! I give up. Hereafter you shall see me radiant on Sunday. I must not get my hay in, if storms do threaten to spoil it, but I shall give my conscience a hitch up, and take it out in that. I must not ride out. But, then, I shall regard every virtuous self-denial as a moral investment with good dividends coming in by-and-by. I can't let the children frolic in the front door yard; but, then, while they sit waiting for the sun to go down, and your *Sun*-day to be over, I shall console myself that they are one notch nearer an angelic condition every week. But, good-night, good-night, Mrs. Wentworth. I hope you may not become so spiritual as quite to disdain the body. I really think, for this world, the body has some respectable uses yet. Good-night, Rose. The angels take care of you, if there is one of them good enough."

And so the judge left.

They sat silently looking at the sun, now but just above the horizon. A few scarfs of cloud, brilliant with flame-color, and every moment changing forms, seemed like winged spirits, half revealed, that hovered round the retiring orb.

Mrs. Wentworth at length broke the silence.

"I always thought, Doctor, that you believed Sunday over-strictly kept, and that you were in favor of relaxation."

"I am. Just as fast as you can make it a day of real religious enjoyment, it will relax itself. True and deep spiritual feeling is the freeest of all experiences. And it reconciles in itself the most perfect consciousness of liberty with the most thorough observance of outward rules and proprieties. Liberty is not an outward condition. It is an inward attribute or, rather, a name for the quality of life produced by the highest moral attributes. When communities come to that condition, we shall see fewer laws and higher morality.

"The one great poem of New England is her Sunday! Through that she has escaped materialism. That has been a crystal dome over head, through which Imagination has been kept alive. New-England's imagination is to be found —not in art, or literature—but in her inventions, her social organism, and, above all, in her religious life. The Sabbath has been the nurse of that. When she ceases to have a Sunday, she will be as this landscape is—now growing dark, all its lines blurred, its distances and gradations fast merging into sheeted darkness and night.

"Come, let us go in!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE SHABBY OLD WOMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"If you please, young gentleman, do we change cars here? Those conductors are so cross to a body, and I've got to change here and change there a dozen times. Is this Pine Hollow, and do we change?"

"Don't know," said Charlie Brown, lazily. "Ask the conductor, old lady."

"But I *hev* asked," said the old woman. "And they are so cantankerous—snap your head off a'most."

"What does she want, Charlie?" asked his cousin, Hal. Rawley, leaning across. "Perhaps I can tell."

"Bother!" said Charlie. "Old women are forever fidgeting when they travel. I make a rule of never answering them, or I'd be tormented out of my senses—I go around so much, you know; and no one ever entered a car yet who did not find there at least one old woman who had lost her way."

Hal. leaned further forward.

"Madam," he said, "perhaps I can help you. What did you inquire?"

"Whether we changed here," said the old lady with a nod. "Much obliged to you."

"We do change," said Hal.

"I wish we didn't," said the old lady. "A body could get along if they let 'em sit still to their journey's end. It's up stakes the hull time. Expect to find myself in Canady or some such out o' the way place yet. Stages took ye where ye wanted tu go, and any way the driver was always ready to talk and tell ye."

"Excuse me, Madam," said Hal., "where are you going?"

"Tu York," said the old lady.

"Very well," said Hal. "We are going there also. I will see you do right and get there safe."

"Very much obliged," said the old lady. "You won't forget now?"

"No, indeed," said Hal.

The old lady looked contented.

"You've got yourself in a pretty mess," said Charlie. "You are in for it now, Hal."

"For what?" asked Hal.

"Bother with the old girl there."

"It's no trouble," said Hal. "Besides I have seen you take a great deal of pains to attend to ladies in dilemmas."

"Young and pretty ones," said Charlie. "Besides, talking of ladies, observe her bonnet, and listen to her grammar."

"Why should that make any difference in my conduct?" asked Hal.

"Oh, if you don't know, I can't tell you," said Charlie. "I suppose you wouldn't see the reason why if she was a darkey."

"Certainly not," said Hal. "A woman, young or old, plain or pretty, rich or poor, who needs assistance, should always have help from me."

"*Don Quixote*," said Charlie. "Catch me tormenting myself unless there is something to repay me for it—a pretty face and a bewitching glance, or, at least, the knowledge that I appear to know one of the upper tendom."

"Change here!" said the conductor.

Charlie arose.

Hal. also started to his feet and turned to the old woman.

"This is our place, Madam," he said. "Now give me your basket and shawl. I'll carry them."

"Hal. has gone crazy," said Charlie to himself. "A shabby old woman. But he always was a queer one, always."

Meanwhile Hal. was helping the old woman down the step, and finding her a comfortable seat in the next car.

"You are a very polite young man," said the old lady, when the arrangements were completed. "There used to be a number like you in my young days, but now the heft of 'em are like your friend yonder and that stuck up conductor. What house is that yonder with the flag on it. It's so stupid this here travelling alone, with nobody to explain things."

Hal. immediately sat down beside her, and pointed out the various objects of interest on the road. The old woman was very plainly dressed, very countrified, and a little prosy; but Hal. had a good heart, and felt it, after all, a pleasure to make her enjoy herself.

When changes were made, he escorted her, basket, and bundle, and umbrella and all, never caring for Charlie's sneers, nor wondering whether people would fancy the old woman and himself related. At one place he got out and brought her a glass of root-beer and some crullers, those refreshments being what she desired, and when at last the cars arrived in New York, she shook hands with him, and declared loudly that he was "the nicest young fellow she had seen since she was a gal."

"I wouldn't have been you for a kingdom," said Charlie, when his friend rejoined him. "What a goose you are!"

They sauntered on for a block or two. Their trip had been of brief duration, and they were not incommoded by baggage, when suddenly a voice, shrill and sharp, cried in their ears:

"I say, young men, can't you tell me which is Broadway? They said I was to take the Broadway stage to Twenty-second street."

"Your old woman again," said Charlie.

Sure enough it was, and delighted she seemed to meet Hal. once more. Of course Hal. put her right, and equally of course hailed an omnibus, informed the driver that this lady must be put down at Twenty-second street, and saw her drive away, nodding and smiling from the window, to the great amusement of two damsels in jockeys and wax-bead necklaces. Charlie was already gone out of sight. Some of his friends might have fancied *he* had something to do with the old woman, had he waited.

Hal. found him at dinner, relating the story with embellishments to his mother and father and young sister.

"She had a black straw bonnet, with a great bow on it, a regular *coalscuttle*, and a hand-basket, and an umbrella a mile long, with a tremendous hook on the handle, and a short, blue frock, and yarn stockings and leather boots, and a plaid shawl," said he, "and people asked me whether it was Hal.'s grandmother, or whether he had married a tavern-keeper's widow for her money."

"No one spoke about the matter," said Hal., quietly eating his beef, "and if I had heard any remarks, I should only have thought less of the person who made them. I was only doing my duty."

"It certainly is nobody's duty to play the gallant to all the shabby old women in the cars," said Charlie. "However, do as you please. It's all one to *me*, only catch me travelling with you under such circumstances."

Hal. Rawley was an independent sort of fellow under circumstances which might have made some time-serving and "*'umble*," like Uriah Heep. He did what he thought right, though he was the poor relation of the family, and had only a situation in his uncle's office, which Charlie would have scoffed at. Such as it was, he was economical enough to pay his way with the salary, and now boarded with his uncle, although he might have lived there free of expense, and have cut a dash, instead of dressing as plainly as any mechanic.

Charlie rather despised him for the latter fact. A man in kid gloves was much greater in his estimation than a man with bare hands. And only an idiot, he often thought, would wear a little soft hat, value two dollars; when, by accepting favors, he might have spent *ten* upon a glossy "stove-pipe."

Hal. thought differently. He was a kindly fellow, too, always doing something for somebody. Little crossing-sweepers were sure of pennies when they saw him approaching. He set the broken legs of vagrant dogs, delivered distressed emigrants to their friends, like lost parcels, and was always stopping stages, handing up fares, and making a martyr of himself in a press of passengers in the city cars. He undertook errands for his aunt and cousin, and always brought back the shade of worsted or width of ribbon that was wanted, and never said "that's not my place," when some troublesome affair found no one else to undertake it at the office.

Charlie could be polite and obliging also when it served his interest.

The next day, at dinner-time, Mrs. Brown, who had been paying calls all the forenoon, was found in a state of great excitement. Something was on her mind. At last, she gave it utterance.

"Who do you suppose has come to the city, Mr. Brown?" she said.

"Can't guess," said Mr. Brown. "Queen Emma?"

"Queen Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Brown. "But you will never guess,—men are so stupid! Aunt Charlotte, after whom we named our Charlie! Actually I found the old lady at the Burneys! As queer as ever! 'Why didn't you come straight to me, Aunt Charlotte?' said I. 'Forgot your street,' said she. So I'm to send a carriage for her to-morrow. Charlie now do remember how rich she is, and not another relation as near as we are, and you are named after her—*do* be attentive!"

"I'll do the correct thing, mamma. Don't fidget," said young hopeful. "I'll get *Hal.* to teach me how to pay proper attention *to* old women."

"The best of her money at interest all her life—for she spends nothing!" said Mrs. Brown. "And that row of brown-stone houses and the place at Hoptown. She must be worth at least half a million. It's worth a little trouble, Charlie!"

Charlie began to look excited.

"A fellow *could* enjoy himself with that sum," he said. "Did you remind her of her namesake?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown. "And she said she hoped he had grown up to be like the young men of her young days."

"All bows and flourishes, eh? Well, I'll please her," said Charlie. "Don't be afraid, mother. I'll act as escort and adorer to two old women for half a million. If she wa'n't my aunt, I'd make all sure by marrying her!"

And Charlie meant it.

The next day, all in the Brown family were in a state of commotion. A room was arranged with every possible comfort. A dinner of some pretentions was prepared. Charlie was dressed in his most fascinating suit; and his sister, who felt that it was quite probable that her aunt might take a fancy to her niece as well as her nephew, had put on all her finery and practised her most difficult piece of music.

"There comes the carriage," said Mrs. Brown. "Charlie, run out and hand her from it. It's [illegible] appreciate. [illegible]"

"Oh, yes," said Charlie. "I'll do it up in style."

And out of the parlor he flew—just in time to open the carriage-door.

"My dear aunt," he began. "So delighted! Allow me——"

"Law," said a voice from within, "I kin get out myself. 'Twas tew much trouble tew answer a civil question fur a body in the cars, and I don't need no assistance now! No,—I'll take my own basket! I might hev done it afore, for all *you*——"

And Charlie, quite annihilated, followed his snappish relative into the parlor.

"How d'ye do, niece and nephew. This is your darter, I suppose?" said Aunt Charlotte. While Mrs. Brown questioned Charlie with her eyes and—"Oh, my! How are ye? So glad tew see ye agin. Never should have got nowhere if it hadn't a' been fur you, and tew find you here—I am delighted."

And Aunt Charlotte pounced upon Hal. Rawley and shook hands with him.

Then, in an instant, every one in the room comprehended the true state of things.

The shabby old woman, to whom, from sheer good-nature, Hal. Rawley had offered so much kind attention, was the rich and eccentric Aunt Charlotte, who was able to make the fortune of any one she fancied, and who was known to be a constant friend to any one who pleased her, and hard to conciliate when once offended.

Mrs. Brown was in despair and Charlie blamed his unlucky stars for what they had nothing whatever to do with. Both felt disposed to quarrel with Hal. and to fancy that he knew Aunt Charlotte all the while. But his conduct during her stay disarmed them. He was polite of course, but he paid no court to her, and left the field clear for Charlie, who devoted himself to the old lady untiringly, and who, at last, flattered himself that he had obliterated all remembrance of his former rudeness.

Alas! for their hopes. All that sacrifice of time and patience was thrown away. Aunt Charlotte was no fool, and enjoyed herself at the expense of Mr. Charlie to her heart's content. But on her return to her own home she sent for her lawyer, made a will in Hal. Rawley's favor and sent word to the Browns that she had done so, by a friend who was ordered to report "jest heow the critters took it."

"Now, Hal. will take airs," thought Charlie, but Hal. remembered and acted on the proverb, "It's ill work waiting for dead men's shoes," and kept on in his old way.

In the summer vacation Aunt Charlotte sent for him to visit her, and he went. She would have him at Christmas also, and by and by actually moved to New York to be near him. They formed a close friendship, and Hal., an orphan from his birth, valued the old woman's motherly kindness more than the fortune she had bequeathed to him, and when at last she left the world, shed many tears for her loss.

He was a rich man now and able to do good on a larger scale than formerly. He was not extravagant and lived well but plainly. And Charlie sneered at him for a slow-going fellow who did not enjoy life while he could. He kept on friendly terms with his cousin, however, and at last having run through the property his father left him, settled down dependant on Hal.'s bounty, which [illegible] character he sustained until in the fulness of time he absolutely died of gluttony and [illegible] combined.

Hal. is living yet, the [illegible] of a numerous family, and an actual proof that good-nature and politeness are not always thrown away even on shabby old women.

—Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most.

MY ESTATE IN CLOUDLAND.

BY ANNIE HAYES.

I have a castle, golden gay,
And broad domains that round it lay,
In the realms of Cloudland, far away.

When the sunset glows in the crimson hours,
There comes a flash of the silver towers,
And a perfumed gale from the brave bright bowers.

The lands are threaded by many a stream,
Islanded lakes like crystal gleam,
Hill and valley sweep off like a dream.

I have a lover, a gallant knight,
Who waits for me in this castle bright,
To fill it with love, and joy, and light.

In the glimmering gray of the early morn,
He rides to the chase, of his armor shorn,
And winds the note of the hunting-horn.

But my colors, so bright, on his helmet glance,
Gay as the Golden Lilies of France,
When he rides to the tilt with his goodly lance.

And when he has doffed the stern raiment of Mars,
And the moon glimmers softly through faint amber bars,
He leans on his terrace and studies the stars.

Thinking not of the prize from the tough tournay borne,
Nor the silver stag slain at the hunt of the morn,
He dreams of his lady-love, sad and forlorn.

And my thoughts are with him in that hour of rest,
And the passionate prayer of my lonely breast
Is to live with him the life of the Blest.

Changeless as love is the fiat of fate;
And I must come to my proud estate
In the realms of Cloudland, soon or late!

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OLIVIA'S LOVER.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Olivia Charsley sat in the wide, bright room at Ringwood, that was considered especially hers, but in which the rest liked to linger, as somehow the pleasantest room in the house. It was a pleasant room, but it was charmed with the presence of a woman, which, perhaps, had something to do with it.

Olivia was an invalid. She would have been a beautiful, full-statured woman but for some nervous ailment which had for three years crippled her lower limbs, and forced her little feet to lie all day upon cushions.

She had a very quiet face, a little weary, perhaps—for it was sad for youth and beauty to be so crippled,—but the quiet face of one who had learned to endure.

She sat in a wheeled chair which, as she touched it, moved noiselessly whither she chose.

There was a fire upon the hearth, and before it stood a young man, Sidney Grant, Olivia's cousin by courtesy, being the adopted son of that uncle who, in dying, had bequeathed all his large property to Olivia and her brother Jocelyn, instead of to Sidney, as every one had expected he would.

Sidney Grant must have looked a handsome, bright-faced, rather merry fellow in his genial moments, but the present did not seem such. His chestnut brown hair was drooping over his forehead, and he stood half sulky, half ashamed, biting his lip savagely, and not looking at Olivia.

He had just asked her to marry him, and she, with her face paler even than its wont, and her little hands shaking with agitation, was saying:

"Yes, Sidney, I heard you; I was on the landing, and heard you say all those shameful and unjust things about Jocelyn, and—and about me. You don't love me, Sidney, you know you don't. You just want to marry me for the pitiful money. For shame! You are welcome to [illegible] I wish you had [illegible] you should have asked [illegible] marry you because of it."

Sidney did not try to look at her, as he asked:

"What was it I said about you, Olivia? I don't remember. I have felt so bitter, that I have said a great many things I did not mean. Perhaps that was one."

"You meant it," Olivia answered, quietly; "you said that I was a tame, spiritless little thing, and you had about as lieve do without the money, as to take me with it. I may be tame and spiritless, I haven't much to make me otherwise, but you can have the money much easier than you can have me, and you must have it without me, if you have it at all."

"I don't want your money, Olivia," the young man jerked out between his teeth, and, after a pause:

"I was a pitiful scoundrel to want to marry you because of the money—and I did, partly for that, and partly to plague Jocelyn!"

"It would not plague Jocelyn. Jocelyn is a much better friend to you than you deserve he should be. He even does not resent, though he knows what you have said about the will."

"Because he knows it is true."

"It is *not* true; you must not say such things to *me*, Sidney. Jocelyn Charsley is one of the noblest, most upright gentlemen that ever lived. I, his sister, say it; and who should know him better than I? It was not his fault that my Uncle George, in making his will, ignored your existence in our favor, that he willed his property to us instead of to you. Why should you have it more than we?"

"I had reason to expect it would be mine," said Sidney, still sullen, but a little less so, and looking more frankly at Olivia. "I was his son by adoption. I know that he meant to leave me his money. It does not look reasonable that he should leave it all away from me, unless he was influenced against me by others."

"Do you want to know why he did so? I will tell you. It was because he had found out what sort of a life you were leading; how—in plain terms, Cousin Sidney,—how dissipated you were. He did not wish to leave his money to be spent as he believed you would spend it; and he thought money would be a curse rather than a blessing to a man living the life you were."

Olivia, aggravated by what had already passed, spoke with great spirit; and Sidney was hot-tempered.

"Did he think that taking from me the fortune I had been taught to expect would reform me, or did he dedicate that delicate task to you?" he said, with an emphasis so angry that it was almost sneering.

Olivia colored vividly and her eyes shone. But she spoke more quietly, when her lips opened again.

"You are scarcely human to speak so to me," she began.

Sidney interrupted her.

"I was a brute! forgive me before you go any farther, Olivia!"

He was kneeling beside her chair, his too handsome face upturned to Olivia Charsley's; his fine eyes raised in pleading eloquence to hers. Olivia's heart was not a hard one, albeit he had hurt her so deeply, and though she would have died sooner than have him know it, that little sensitive organ of hers had been too deeply touched by his handsome face and winning ways to be otherwise than soft to him. She turned her face from him, but he caught between his the little white hand upon her knee, and plead so earnestly to be forgiven that she looked again at him with a sad but very sweet smile.

"It was not my fault, cousin," she said, gently, her delicate cheek flushing, "that my Uncle George made your regaining half his money conditional upon marrying a poor, crippled, spiritless little thing like me."

His head dropped guilty at her quotation of his own words. He had in a passion spoken as she said; but he did not think so now. He caught his breath with a half sob, and she could see his white forehead flushing with shame, as he left the room; and then, as she covered her face with her hands, tears forced their way through the slender, jewelled fingers.

"Jocelyn," she said, as her brother leaned tenderly over her chair that evening, "I want to ask a great—a very great favor of you."

Her sweet face paled as she spoke.

"Well, pet," he said, kindly, "it could not well be too great for me to grant."

"Ah, you don't know. Will you promise beforehand?"

Jocelyn looked down into the pretty, pale, anxious face. She was his only and darling sister, and he was not accustomed to refuse her anything. He felt just a little doubtful now; but what could she want that she ought not to have? Surely nothing; so he said, laughing at the changing expression of her face:

"Yes—no—*yes!*"

"You promise!" she exclaimed, clasping her childish fingers. "You said yes."

"I believe I did," her brother said, laughing still, but curious.

She drew his ear down to her lips.

"I want you should let me give all my share of Uncle George's money to Sidney."

Jocelyn Charsley's face grew grave in an instant.

"You are not in earnest, Pet?"

He called her Pet habitually.

"Yes, very firmly."

"But why?"

"Because I don't want it, and he does; and you know you have enough for both of us, and"—archly—"you had rather share with me than not."

Jocelyn pondered a few moments.

"You have refused Sidney?"

"Yes," looking away suddenly.

"But I thought you liked him," Jocelyn said, bluntly.

"I do—not enough to marry him, though."

She corrected herself without betraying Sidney. She wished her brother to know the truth.

"He would not want me to marry him if it were not for the money," she said. "I prefer that he should have it without feeling that he must take me with it. You know, Jocelyn, it cannot be at all pleasant to me to feel that my money is extended to Sidney as a sort of bribe to him to marry a poor crippled girl like me."

"But Uncle George only promised him the money through you. If he cannot win your consent to marry him, you retain the money; it all rests with you."

"I know; and for that very reason I wash my hands of it. You will have to support me hereafter, brother. Will you attend to the business part at once—*please* at once?"

Jocelyn reasoned and persuaded, but in vain. Olivia was firm, and he ended by agreeing to do as she wished.

"He won't have it," was Jocelyn's announcement to Olivia, after a vigorous effort to *make* Sidney accept the gift. "He flushed up as though I had insulted him, and swore, with his eyes flashing, that he'd '*go hang*' before he would touch a farthing of it."

"I expected he would," said Olivia, quietly. "It is merely a question of firmness between us, and we shall see who has the most."

Inwardly she added:

"I may be spiritless, but I've got as much firmness as Sidney Grant."

It is so hard for women to forgive such speeches as that, whatever they say; and who ever knew a woman *forget?*

"You can deposit it somewhere in his name, I suppose; can't you, Jocelyn?" she went on.

Jocelyn saw she was in earnest, and said he supposed he could.

"Shall I tell him?" he asked.

Olivia thought a moment.

"Yes; I think it would be better so."

Ten minutes after Jocelyn left the room Sidney rushed in, his eyes wild, himself flurried.

"You said you would forgive me," he began. "Is this the way you do it?"

Olivia looked up questioningly. It is only women who can put on that air of innocent unconsciousness, when they know perfectly well what you are talking about.

"You thought I needed still more humiliating, did you?" he went on, hotly. "However much I may need that, I will not touch the money—you know I will not."

"You can do as you like, you know," Olivia said, smilingly. "It will repose safely at your banker's till you are of a different mind."

"That I shall never be. Oh! Olivia, you might have spared me this."

He looked so distressed and chagrined that out of sheer pity Olivia explained:

"I could not do otherwise, in justice to myself. Besides, the spirit of my uncle's condition is already fulfilled."

"What do you mean?"

She looked at him in kind earnestness, but seemed perplexed to express herself. With his quick intuitions, Sidney caught at her meaning, and in that Frank way that was peculiar to him, and was so impulsive as to be almost boyish, he said:

"I was never half so far gone as you all thought. It was bad enough, though; and this—this bad luck—no, this sort of check, you know—came just in time, I guess, after all. I'm a new man, Olivia, if that is what you mean, and I'm gladder to have you think that of me, after what has happened, than to have the paltry money."

"And yet he would have parted with his manhood for it yesterday," Olivia could not help saying to herself.

He read aright the expression of her eye, or else he had the same thought, for he added, quickly:

"It is true, contradiction as it may seem."

"I believe you," Olivia said, simply, leaning back in her wheeled chair, and looking up at him, with eyes serene and lustrous as the heavens, but just as unwavering.

"You will be generous," he said, "and not bother me any more about that money."

"I sha'n't bother you, of course; and I am not generous—I am only just."

He bit his lip, and took two or three turns about the room. He was near losing his temper, but controlled himself.

Suddenly he dropped on his knee by her chair, just as he had done the night before.

"I swear to you, Olivia," he said, taking her hands in his, "if I asked you to marry me yesterday without loving you, I love you to-day without asking you to marry me. I do indeed. You don't believe me, but it is true when it is too late."

"I don't believe you; certainly I do not. Besides, you are assuming too much," she said, laughing.

"Am I? To be sure. But I did use to fancy you cared for me. And you didn't?"

He went out of the room quite abruptly then, and the subject was not resumed in the week he still stayed at Ringwood, excepting that Jocelyn presented him with a bundle of vouchers from the bank one day, and Sidney sent them at his head in return.

If Olivia had found Sidney likeable before, he was something infinitely beyond what she had hitherto known of him during that last week of his stay.

He had always, up to the day of Olivia's refusal of him, been, to speak plainly, more or less *sulky*. But that was all gone now, and it is impossible to do justice in words to the vivacity, the gay, good humor with which he overflowed, or to describe what an altogether fascinating and agreeable fellow he proved himself.

At the end of the week he went away from Ringwood, and they did not get a word from him for two years.

There came a letter then, characteristic enough to have betrayed the identity without any signature. It was to Olivia, of course, and ran thus:

"Somebody has died and left me some money. Of course, I'm sorry he's dead, but I'm glad of the money, and I'm coming down to Ringwood to ask you to marry me. SIDNEY."

Olivia read the letter, and looked at herself in the glass with a very comfortable consciousness that the two years had made her more beautiful than she ever was. Then she made Jocelyn promise not to meddle; and went back into her wheeled chair just as though she had never left it, and never expected to.

It was the way Sidney expected to find her; and he knelt before her thus with the reverent tenderness he would have offered his patron saint.

He had lost nothing either in his good looks; and Olivia felt a proud consciousness that he was every inch the man he looked.

"But a crippled wife, Sidney," she said, blushing exquisitely and trying to look grave; "you should well consider——"

"My darling!" he exclaimed, in the old, abrupt, wild fashion, "if I had come back to Ringwood, and found only this little finger! (kissing it,) I would have entreated it to be my wife all the same. Don't you love me a little, Olivia?"

Putting her dainty, jewelled finger-tips upon his shoulders, she stepped out of her chair as a sceptred queen might have come down from her throne, and stood regal in health and beauty before him.

"Oh, Olivia! you can walk!" he cried, with a laughable look of mingled rapture and amazement; "and," as her rosy lips lingered at his ear, "*you love me!* God bless my darling!"

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ALMOST A HEROINE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Now, Kitty, be sure the pudding goes over to boil at four o'clock, and keep an eye to the roast meat, for the Deacon don't like it burned."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be sure and remember," said Kitty Clifford, curtseying prettily.

"And Kate," said Deacon Osprey, "don't let stragglers in, whatever you do, for there's that five hundred dollars in gold in the back bedroom chest, and all the silver spoons."

"I will be very careful, sir," said Kitty.

"Kitty! Kitty! Come here and tie my cravat," said Silas Osprey, who was fidgetting before the mirror.

So Kitty stood up on a footstool, blushing and smiling, to tie Mr. Silas's cravat for meeting.

"I wish you were going with us, Kitty," said the young man, with his chin elevated stiffly in the air. "Next Sunday I'll take you."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Kitty, growing pinker and pinker, as her slender fingers pulled out the bow, and adjusted the ends. "Will that do, Mr. Silas?"

And Mrs. Osprey who had followed her husband out to the solid-looking old lumber-wagon, gave a meaning, backward glance.

"I think Silas is getting fond of our Kitty," said the mother sagely.

"Is he?" said the Deacon, with a disturbed face. "But, wife, how little we know about her, except since the day she came here with her little bundle under her arm, asking for service."

"Yes, that's very true," said Mrs. Osprey; "but she's pretty and smart, and I *know* she is good, and——"

"Silas! Silas! Are you going to stand there all day?" called out the father, and so they drove away, with Kitty standing at the lonely farm-house door, her silken brown curls blown about in the dismal November wind, and her blue eyes sparkling beneath their prettily-arched brows.

She went back into the house, singing softly under her breath, to prepare things for the tea-dinner which the hungry church-goers would expect when they returned—a brisk, neat-handed little Phyllis, whose step was scarce heavier on the pine floor than a falling leaf would have been!

She had put the pudding on to boil as the kitchen clock chimed four, and ran down into the cellar to get the vegetables from their bins. She was gone but a minute or two, but when she returned, the door leading upstairs, which she had left closed, stood wide open, and on the lower stair a muddy footprint was distinctly imprinted.

Kitty's heart stood still with undefined terror, as she remembered the bag of twenty dollar gold pieces in the big back-chamber chest.

And while she stood there, holding by the table for support, she could hear confused footsteps up stairs, and the murmur of deep voices.

Then there was more than one. Kitty's first instinct—that of defending her master's treasures to the last, even were it with her life—gave way to more practical considerations. She thought of flying out into the road and crying aloud for help, but then she remembered, with a pang of despair, how lonely was the desolate hillside, with the nearest dwelling full a mile distant.

"What can I do? Oh, what can I do?" thought Kitty, clasping both hands over her throbbing forehead.

But while her thoughts run all in a whirl, and her heart beat tempestuously, the footsteps neared the stairway—the unwelcome guests were once more coming down. Instinctively Kitty shrank behind the jagged brick projections of the old chimney.

Two stout-built, short men, dressed in coarse gray, slouched down into the kitchen, with the easy confidence of those who imagine themselves entirely without witnesses. Kitty had never seen them before, yet they seemed quite "posted" as to the various rooms in the straggling farm-house.

"Come on, Jim, we've got all we're likely to get in this confounded old shanty," said one, balancing his foot on one of the iron fire-dogs, "and besides the folks will be home presently."

"Sandy Bill afraid!" jeeringly called out the other, who was opening and shutting the various cupboards and drawers about the apartment, greedily eyeing their contents.

"Hallo! here's some silver spoons."

"Stow 'em away and let's be moving," said Bill. "Confound this bag! it jingles like a string o' sleigh-bells!"

"Well, come then," said the other, discontentedly. "I opine five hundred aint a bad day's work; but somehow I thought, from the looks of the crib, there might be old silver or some such grabbings."

And they lounged out, side by side, with a cool deliberation that was almost appalling to the trembling girl who lurked in the shadow of the jagged brick-work.

But Kitty Clifford's mind had been at work while she stood there; her resolution was taken.

Hurriedly tying a shawl around her head and shoulders, she sprang out of the house, by the back way, and hastened through a lonely piece of woods which formed a short cut to the road they must presently emerge upon.

"They would be hidden away somewhere long before I could summon help," thought Kitty. "No—whatever is done I must do myself."

On either side the road was shut in by stunted cedar bushes, mingled with the clever growth of the gleaming silver-birch, and Kitty knew she could keep in sight of them unseen.

"If they should see *me!* If they should suspect my errand," thought poor Kitty, with thrills of cold terror. "Oh, it would be hard to be murdered in these solitary woods; to have my master think *I* stole the gold, and Mr. Silas——"

While the thoughts passed through her mind, the ring of coming footsteps echoed on the hard, frozen ground. Kitty's conjecture had proved correct—they had taken the Hill Road.

Onward, steadily onward, they pushed, Kitty contriving to keep nearly parallel with them, though she had to fight her way through matted vines and thorny bushes. Fortunately the wind had risen, and its mournful, rustling sound through the tree-tops hid the noise she unavoidably made, else her detection would have been little short of inevitable.

But with every precaution the peril was great. As she stepped unconsciously upon the fallen branch of a decayed tree, it snapped beneath her tread with a sharp, splintering sound! The two men paused to listen, seemed to consult together an instant, and then turned quickly toward the very copse in which she was hiding.

Poor Kitty! She sank noiselessly down like a wounded bird, crouching away in mortal terror. But, although their footsteps almost touched the fluttering ends of her brown shawl, the gathering dusk stood her friend, and they passed by, unconscious of her presence.

It was several minutes before Kitty dared to rise once more to her feet; and then they were half way up a hill side, dotted with blackened stumps, where a charcoal burner's shanty, long unused, and in a ruinous condition, stood, with its one unglazed window seeming to survey the valley like an eye.

Kitty saw them disappear into this hut—she saw them emerge once more, descending the uneven slope with long, running strides, and striking once more into the road.

And when they passed the concealed watcher, the muffled, jingling sound that had heretofore accompanied their footsteps was gone.

"You're a fool, Bill!" sullenly exclaimed one, as they stopped to rest on the edge of the road, and the taller stooped to drink from a clear little stream, using the hollow of his hand as an impromptu goblet.

"No, I aint a fool," said Bill, dashing the bright drops away from his moustache; "but I don't see no use in running unnecessary risks. Suppose we should meet some one?"

"We sha'n't!"

"I'm none so sure of that. Anyway, it's best to be on the safe side, and to-morrow night——"

Their voices lowered a little now, died away into the distance, and Kitty, standing alone in the woods, tried to collect her scattered thoughts into some definite plan of action.

"Shall I still follow them? or shall I go up and see if they have not hidden their booty in that hut?"

For one moment she hesitated, then she began to creep up the hill-side with weary feet and lagging limbs, for fatigue and terror were beginning to tell upon her slender frame.

It was nearly dark when she crossed the mouldering threshold and stood in the solitary cabin. Through the started timbers of the roof the steel-gray sky gleamed with unnatural light, while the half-decayed boards of the floor creaked and gave beneath her weight. A fluttering noise in one corner made her heart turn chill, and the next instant she perceived it was but a dusky-winged bat, beating itself against the beams and rafters.

She stole tremulously forward to look into the black, yawning chasm of the mud chimney, the only place, as it seemed to her, where anything as large as the Deacon's canvas bag could be concealed. And as she picked her way a board sprung beneath her feet—a board which had been loosely laid across two beams without any securing nail. Instinctively she stooped—and there before her, wedged in between the heavy timbers, over which had lain the board, was the little canvas bag!

She caught it in both hands, hugging it close to her breast, and hurried towards the door. But, as she advanced out of the close, mouldy air of the cabin into the gray November twilight, the strength seemed to die out of her limbs, the vitality to ebb from her heart.

"Surely, surely I am not going to perish *now*," she thought, wildly, "when the danger is all surmounted, the peril all past! God will never let me die in this lonely place!"

The half-murmured aspiration was still on her lips when all sense and feeling left her, and she sank utterly unconscious on the door-step, with the canvas bag STILL CLASPED TO HER HEART!

It was quite dark when the old lumber-wagon rolled up to the door, and Mrs. Osprey came into the house, carrying the "extra" shawl upon her arm.

"Kitty! Kitty! Why, where is the child?"

In vain she called. The fire had died out upon the hearth—the pan of vegetables stood upon the table, just as the girl had left it—the doors were open, and altogether there was an air of confused desolation about the dark and dreary house.

"Deacon Osprey," said the frightened matron, grasping her husband's arm, "what does this mean?"

The Deacon set his teeth tightly together, but made no answer. He walked silently up stairs into the back room, and presently returned.

"It means, wife," he said, in a husky voice——

"Hush!" said Mrs. Osprey, with a start. "What's that?"

"Something at the door," said Silas, rising to open it. And as he did so, a slender figure, drenched with chill rain, and robed in soiled, brier-torn garments, tottered forward into his arms, and the bag of gold fell to the kitchen floor with a dull, heavy sound.

"Kitty!" he cried; "Mother, it is Kitty, and she is dying!"

But Kitty Clifford was not dying—she was only fainting from fatigue and over exertion, and Mrs. Osprey's kindly care soon restored her to strength and animation. The Deacon listened silently to her story, and when she had finished he stroked her bright hair down with a gentle touch.

"My little girl," he said, "you have been very brave.

"Were you not frightened, Kitty?" asked Silas, tenderly.

"Yes, but it was worse when I came to myself after that fainting fit in the cabin on the hill. O, it was so dark—so dismal—so solitary, with owls hooting in the woods, and a bat flying round and round close to the ceiling."

When Messrs. "Jim and Sandy Bill" came after their secreted treasures the next night, their state of minds may easily be fancied. But they never suspected who the marplot was. Least of all would they have dreamed of pretty Kate Clifford, who was just engaged to be married to Deacon Osprey's son Silas.

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PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE.—There is more pleasure in seeing others happy than in seeking to be happy ourselves. There is more pleasure in acquiring knowledge to be useful, than in merely seeking knowledge for our own happiness. If young and old persons would spend half the money in making others happy which they spend in dress and useless luxury, how much more real pleasure it would give them.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A WOMAN wishing to test her husband's feelings towards her, had it given out, when he was coming home from a journey, that she was dead, to see how he would act. He took the matter very coolly, whereupon she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared alarmed; a person by said, "Why, sir, you seem more afraid now than before!" "Ay," replied he, "most men are more afraid of a living wife than of a dead one."

A BEAUTIFUL, simple-minded and honest-hearted girl of eighteen was taken before a clergyman, up-town, the other day, by her parents, to be married to a rich old suitor of sixty-five, and on being asked, "Do you take this man to be your husband," &c., she burst out laughing, and said, "How droll you are. This is the first time any one has thought of asking me such a question. Certainly, if I had been asked before I should have said no, but as it is, come on."

"Now, gents," said a Yankee at dinner, "guess I'll show you somethin' that no critter in this room ever seed afore, and not a critter livin' ever will see 'gain. D'ye bet?" The bet was made, and the Yankee took a nut off the dessert plate, and cracking it, held up the kernel between his fingers and thumb. "Now, gents, I calculate none of yer ever seed that kernel afore, and (swallowing it) I guess you'll never see it again. Please fork out."

A GIRL in one of the public schools in Springfield, Mass., applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that they had company at home. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons that the School Committee think sufficient to justify absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them. She naively replied that it might come under the head of "domestic affliction."

A GENTLEMAN recently received an unpaid letter (for which the postman charged him twopence) commencing: "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose: "Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

AN old man picked up a half a dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen-looking rascal. "Did thine have a hole in it?" asked the old gentleman. "Yes!" replied the other, smartly. "Then it is not thine," rejoined the old gentleman; "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time."

JONES complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters," and that the Board of Health should see that all such "corpses" should be speedily removed from the city limits.

REV. DR. HAWKS was once carrying something hid under his cloak, when an impertinent parishioner asked him what he had under his cloak? To which the Doctor quietly answered, "I carry it there that you might not know."

"AM I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub!" was the blunt reply.

"THAT cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jones, pointing to a domestic favorite. "Yes," Jones replied, "the poor thing is subject to *cat*-arrh."

A MORRISANIA barkeeper announces his establishment in this way: "Insurance against thirst at fixed premiums, payable in cash."

MANY seek solace for their troubles in the gay French capital. They think the best plaster for their wounds is the plaster of Paris.

A "monster in human form" says that the only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she is talking of her own age.

A JOURNEYMAN blacksmith says he has been striking for hire wages these twenty years, with uniform success.

IF the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

IF a young woman bids you take heart, you can probably take hers.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN living in New Albany, Ind., who had an implacable grudge against his wife and child, took them into a wood, about ten o'clock one night lately, and making them sit down by the root of a tree, told them he meant to kill them; and then, notwithstanding their piteous entreaties, he beat their brains out with large stones, laid their bodies side by side, and covered them with his wife's shawl, then went to a brother's house several miles distant, and wrote out an account of the murder. After which he took his brother's rifle, went into the door-yard, and shot himself through the heart.

A LAKE larger than Superior is said to exist in British Columbia, north of Lake Superior. It has, as the story goes, been concealed by the Hudson Bay Company, but it is probable that the new government of Canada will have that region thoroughly explored. The lake is named Neepignon, and abounds with fish, and its borders with game and fur animals.

A LADY in Worcester picked up a greenback in the street, the other day, and a man who observed her stepped up immediately and demanded it, saying that he had just dropped a $5 bill. She gave up the money without looking at it, but a gentleman caused the arrest of the man, when it proved that the bill was of the $10 denomination.

Two old men got into an altercation at Madison, Indiana, a few days since, when one drew a revolver, shot the other mortally, went home, and, overcome with remorse, fired a ball into his own breast with the same weapon, and died the next day.

A LADY of Maryland, whose husband was crushed between the cars of the Maryland Northern Central Railroad, and then locked in a warehouse and left to die, on Monday last recovered a verdict of $15,000 against the railroad company.

AN extraordinary piece of news is current in Paris, to the effect that a high military officer is under arrest, accused of treasonable practices, and in particular of having betrayed to Prussia the French plan of a campaign in case of a war.

A MAN in Milwaukee works up dead dogs at a profit of about $2.30 each. The skins are used for gloves, the hair for mattresses, and the bodies are boiled to secure the grease and gluten, while the bones are ground up for deodorizers.

THERE is in the cellar of a Nashville brewery a mammoth frog, weighing twelve pounds, which is supposed to have attained his enormous size from the nourishment received from the beverage manufactured at that establishment.

AN awful tragedy occurred recently in the court-room at Matanzas. A man shot his own wife and her mother during the process of a suit for alimony, and threatened the spectators who dared to interfere. He was at length secured.

A DEFAULTING president of a Mobile bank escaped one day last week from the Cahaba jail, where he was confined, plunged into the river and was drowned. Whether he intended escape, or suicide, could not be determined.

SLANDEROUS gossip impelled a young lady in Michigan to end her existence with strychnine, and to leave a letter with instructions to tell those who tried to injure her that they might enjoy the privilege over her grave.

ADVICES from Hong Kong, China, state that the United States gunboat Ashuelot had bombarded a town on the island of Formosa, the natives of which murdered the shipwrecked crew of the American bark Rover.

IN Salem, on Saturday, William E. Allen, a lad of 13 years, son of Ira G. Allen, climbed a tree to extricate a kite, when a limb broke and he fell to the ground, breaking his neck and dying instantly.

A TEMPERANCE man at Fitchburg, Mass., was annoyed the other day by the State Constables, who confiscated a private still, with which he had been carrying on a comfortable little business.

A KANSAS farmer has a locust trap. He scatters hay around his wheat. The locusts gather in it at night, and he sets fire to it early in the morning. He thus saved his wheat.

ANY one, in Massachusetts, who mutilates or defaces a book taken from a public library in that State is henceforth liable to a fine of from five to one thousand dollars.

Two notorious outlaws were wrested from the sheriff's hands at Warrenton, Mo., May 24, by a vigilance committee, and summarily executed by hanging.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1867.

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No. 90 Beekman street, New York.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. VII.

RULES AND PRINCIPLES.

BY REV. MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

The two things most essential to man are knowledge and character. Wealth and reputation are more regarded, but they are external, while knowledge and character are a part of the man himself. Of these the one is to be acquired, the other to be formed, and both depend upon choice.

As the most essential, and involving the whole destiny of man, character depends wholly upon choice, for it is the object of supreme choice that determines character. Other things may be characteristic, but character is determined by that which a man prefers on the whole to anything else, and consists in that preference.

Knowledge does not depend wholly upon choice. The pressure of physical want, or the lack of opportunity, may prevent some from gaining the knowledge they would; but in the present age, and in this country, a resolute purpose will enable almost any one to reach the knowledge he may choose.

Knowledge is power to be used in the service of character. It is chiefly instrumental, but not wholly so, since the kind of knowledge a man chooses will re-act upon his character and intensify it. But character being given, the sphere, the extent and scope of a man's influence, and his success in life, will depend upon the kind and extent of his knowledge. This ought to be such as to enable him, at the proper time, to take himself under his own guidance, and, without caprice on the one hand, or slavish routine on the other, to pursue freely and independently the ends of life rationally chosen. What kind of knowledge will enable him to do this?

Coming up as we do from the blankness of infancy, there is a period when we must be wholly dependent on the knowledge of others. This is the condition of human life, and to reject or disparage such knowledge would be folly. It is the support provided for us to lean upon till we are able to walk alone. Such knowledge expresses itself in rules, maxims, forms, usages, customs. These are the condensed wisdom of ages, and it is natural and suitable that when a young person comes into the presence of these he should feel respect for them, and be inclined to accept them implicitly.

This tendency is confirmed, or has been, by early education. In this we are taught the rules of arithmetic and of grammar, and are satisfied when we can do the sum and parse the word according to the rule. It thus becomes possible to do every sum in the book and to parse every word without understanding the reason of a single rule; and there is a tendency to this, and to the habit of it, from the ignorance and indolence of both pupil and teacher. This tendency and habit pass into other things, leading to acquiescence without comprehension, and making life a mechanical routine.

But that we should be governed implicitly by rules, maxims, forms, usages, customs, was never intended. The world has been governed thus too much. Often erroneously based, or becoming obsolete, acquiesced in by indolence, sustained by interest and ambition, and made venerable by time, they have stiffened into molds and incrustations that have not only become barriers to progress, but subversive of the very ends of society.

The knowledge just spoken of is good in its place, but it is against resting in it that I desire to guard the young. Let them know the rule, and how to apply it. Let them know the maxim, the form, the usage, but let them never rest till they know also the reason, the ground, the end of these both as originally adopted, and as applicable to the present condition and wants of society. Be it that the rule will meet every case, as on some subjects it may, shall we say that is sufficient? For practical purposes, using the word practical in its lowest sense, it may be; but how much higher and more satisfactory the position if we know the reason of the rule and its application through that. And what can be more practical than to gain the satisfaction of insight, and of acting in our highest capacity as rational? But in practical life, and on most subjects, no rules or usages can ever apply to the new emergencies and combinations that will constantly occur, and the successful men are those who, knowing the principles of rules, are able to frame them for themselves to meet these new combinations. This is what young men need—rules in their place, but above all the principles of rules, and faculties so trained as to be able to make new combinations in view of the new developments and magnificent opportunities of the present age.

This step from rules and usages to principles and free methods in view of ends, men have been slow in taking—it is wonderful how slow. Indolence has reluctated against it, authority has forbidden, and education has not attempted it. Among whole nations and races there is, even now, no movement towards it, and so superstitions, and formalisms, and mummeries, and castes, and tyrannies rest quietly in their old dominion. But now, in this land, and especially in the more favored parts of it, this step is being taken rapidly. The spirit of it is being distilled into the atmosphere of thought, it is entering our systems of education, our colleges, our Normal schools, our Common schools, and even perhaps sometimes prematurely and absurdly, into our most elementary instruction.

It is the movement thus indicated that is to be quickened and regulated. Into the spirit of it every young man is called to enter, for it is only the kind of knowledge implied in it that can place him fully on his own feet. When it is said that the foundation of our institutions is the knowledge and virtue of the people, it is to be remembered that all knowledge will not serve for this. A knowledge of the grooves already prepared for society to run in, and of the best mode of oiling them by bribery and party management, will not do. No, the people as a body must be trained, not merely to knowledge that will make them skilled artisans, efficient producers, and a manageable or blundering constituency, but to insight, and comprehension, and to the power of applying principles to the complex problems that constantly arise; and if we cannot have a people able to do this, and conscientiously disposed to do it for the public good, our institutions will be a failure. In the presence of such a people managers, wire-pullers, tricksters, politicians as opposed to statesmen, who have knowledge enough of a certain kind, and too much, and whose influence in public affairs is now so wide and disastrous, would find themselves at a discount. The race would die out, and the natural and legitimate leadership of wisdom and goodness would take its place.

The work of forming such a people is the greatest work of time. It can be done. With an underlying and pervading Christianity, and with the disenthralment of man by science and machinery from the limitations and hard physical conditions he has been under, there is no limit to the possibilities of his future. The work can be done, but the process must be slow. It requires indeed but the step indicated above—not merely knowledge, but the transition by the people from the knowledge that may be called executive, as of facts, rules, usages, artizanships, to that which is directive and administrative; and though this step may not seem difficult, it yet involves the doing by the people of their own thinking, which is the last thing they can be brought to do.

In the meantime, let what will become of society, every young man owes it to his own self-respect to acquire as fully as possible the kind of knowledge above spoken of. As has been said, this alone will place him on his own feet, giving him a ground of free and independent action. It is just that part of education in which he can receive least aid from others, and in which, if he be in earnest, least aid is needed. The two factors of education are materials to work on, and the working mind. Most of the apparatus and processes of education are for furnishing materials, but the working is by the mind itself. Without that no material can avail anything; and that, for the most part, can be neither forced nor hindered. Hence the marvels of self-education; and hence, too, on the other hand, educated, graduated, diplomaed inanity and imbecility.

Getting thus back of facts and rules to principles and methods, life ceases at once to be either at random—and so contemptible; or mechanical and formal,—and so a drudgery and unfruitful. With the consciousness of intelligent freedom, the man is equally prepared and equally ready, without malignity and without hobbies, to beat down the old, or to preserve it; to accept the new, or to resist it. He is thus at once conservative and progressive. He has a ground for firmness in which is principle, and for flexibility in which is grace; and these he can weave into a harmonious life.

It is this combination of firmness and flexibility thus made possible that is especially needed in life. It is needed, that principle may not be unattractive, nor flexibility latitudinarian. It is also needed to bring our lives into harmony with Nature around us, for it is especially commended to us in the model she sets before us in her movements and works.

In nature, exactness, uniformity, order, punctuality, are in the place of principle, and where these are needed they are always found. From the beginning she has not varied a particle in her chemical combinations; she has preserved the uniformity of her species, the order of her seasons, and has been punctual to the fraction of a second in bringing the earth round in its orbit, and in turning it upon its axis. If any of you will watch for the sun when he has made an appointment to rise, he will be there at the moment. Here exactness and uniformity are required to give value to experience. But when these are not required, they are not found. There is no mere routine. How varied is she in the outlines and groupings of her mountains, in the forms of her leaves, in the forms and colors of flowers, and insects, and shells, and in the instincts of animals! Who can tell how she will order the weather, or arrange the clouds for the splendors of her sunsets?

And so does it become us as her pupils and imitators, or rather as hearing the voice of God through her, falling into no routine, but in the recognition of principles and ends, to be exact and uniform where this is required, in all else free. Why may not every young man combine inflexibility of principle, exactness in business, punctuality in engagements, with every amenity of life, with all that is free and flexible and generous? So shall rules be over-ruled by principle, and the power of an earnest life, instead of being weakened, as many suppose it must be, shall be heightened by its beauty.

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THE REAL "MINISTERING ANGEL."

The henpecked Mr. Toodles, when in that condition characterized by the police as "drunk and disorderly," and under the lash of his helpmeet's vigorous tongue, is nevertheless enough of a gentleman to apostrophize woman as "a trump," and the *Ledger*, while deprecating Mr. Toodles's habits, subscribes to his opinion of the sex. Here, however, a difficulty occurs. The sex, at present, is anything but a unit. It is in fact divided against itself. What manner of woman shall we accept as its best and truest exponent? Shall our representative be a frivolous leader of fashion, whose life is a continual whirl of excitement, and whose whole heart is set on show? Or shall we select as our idol the strong-minded dame or damsel who despises show and clamors for power? The poles are not wider asunder than these two extremes of the world of womankind. Is the "divine perfection of a woman" to be looked for at a fancy ball or at a political convention. Wears she close-fitting tunic and unmentionables, or floats she to the pedestal whereon we would exalt her in clouds of lace and bestudded with diamonds? Truth to say, in neither of these disguises can we recognize the "ministering angel" worthy of universal worship. The women who exercise, and will always continue to exercise, a dominant influence for good in all civilized countries, belong to a better and nobler class than either. They are teachers, trainers, moderators, examples, comforters—the leaven of the social lump, without which it would be as unkneadable as iron. They control without dictating; and to their gentle ministrations as wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, men owe whatever there is of beauty, harmony, purity and refinement in their restless lives. Heaven keep them—for their own sakes and ours—out of the tumult and strife of the arena.

DR. HAHNEMANN,

THE FOUNDER OF HOMOEOPATHY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Samuel Christian Frederick Hahnemann was born in Germany, in 1755. His father was a porcelain painter in limited circumstances, who, however, gave his son all the advantages of education which his native province furnished. The boy was precocious, diligent, serious, and full of curiosity. When his father wished to take him from school and apprentice him to a trade, the rector of the academy which he attended opposed the scheme, and offered to support the youth at school if his father would permit him to embrace a learned profession. This offer was accepted, and Hahnemann continued his studies.

At twenty years of age, he went to the university of Leipsic to study medicine. As the bounty of the schoolmaster ceased when the student left the academy, and Hahnemann had no resources of his own, he was compelled to gain his livelihood by translating medical works from English into German. With this double labor to perform,—viz., to acquire his profession and earn his living,—he was compelled to put forth the most extraordinary exertions. He declares that, for some years, he slept only every other night.

In his twenty-third year, he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to obtain the place of physician and librarian to a wealthy nobleman, and thus, for the first time in his life, accumulated a little money. He soon, however, returned to his native place; and, after many removals, he settled at Dresden,—a married man, thirty years of age.

At Dresden he had considerable success as a physician. During the sickness of the principal doctor of the town, he performed the duties of physician-in-chief to the public hospitals, and he enjoyed also a respectable private practice. Suddenly, to the astonishment of his friends and the consternation of his family, he abandoned his patients and his rising prospects at Dresden, and repaired again to Leipsic, where he lived in solitude, employing his time in study and translation, as of old. The reason of this strange proceeding was his dissatisfaction with the practice and theory of medicine which then prevailed.

"It was," wrote he, to one of his friends, "always a torture to me to walk in darkness when I had to attend the sick. My conscience bitterly reproached me for treating the unknown diseases of my brethren by medicines equally unknown, which, being active substances, could kill the sick or produce new and worse diseases. To become thus the murderer of my fellow beings was for me an idea so frightful and so overwhelming, that I renounced medicine."

He now devoted himself to investigations in chemistry, in which he made some important acquisitions. He invented a plan of discovering adulterations in wine, and of detecting the presence of arsenic in the dead body. Recalled to the practice of medicine by the dangerous illness of his children, he was tormented by the necessity in which he found himself, of giving them medicines in which he had lost confidence, without having discovered better.

"I cannot believe," he wrote to a friend, "that the sovereign and paternal goodness of Him whom no name designates in a manner worthy of Him, who provides largely for the needs even of the imperceptible animalcules, who spreads with profusion life and happiness throughout all creation, has devoted his dearest creature to the torments of remediless disease; and I am persuaded that nature must have placed within reach of man some simple and infallible means of cure. We have not searched for these means aright, else they would long since have been discovered."

At this period of his life he continued to earn his livelihood by the translation of English works. One day, when he was translating a passage descriptive of the various effects of Peruvian bark, in its usual form of quinine, he was struck with the ignorance displayed by the writer in his attempts to explain why this medicine was so efficacious in the cure of fevers. He perceived that the author knew no more of the matter than he did himself. It had occurred to him some time before that perhaps the best way of studying the effects of medicines would be to try them on persons in good health, and he resolved now to make such an experiment with quinine. Accordingly, he took for several days in succession as large a dose of this powerful medicine as he had been accustomed formerly to prescribe to patients afflicted with intermittent fever. The effect was truly remarkable: the medicine which cured intermittent fever *produced* intermittent fever. He repeated the experiment upon some of his friends interested in medical science, and in every case with the same result. He soon began to suspect that quinine cured the fever precisely *because* it had the property of producing a fever. In other words, he began to see afar off the great fundamental principle of homœopathy, which is, that *like cures like*. He proceeded to try other medicines, and he says that in every case he found that the medicine which could cure a disease could also produce it.

He next experimented upon the best mode of administering medicines; which resulted, at length, in his adoption of infinitessimal doses. He discovered, or thought he discovered, that infinitessimal doses of active drugs have more effect upon the cure of disease than the quantities usually given. Whether his theory upon this point is a valuable truth or a ridiculous fallacy, I am not competent to decide. Every reader of the *Ledger* is either a homœopathist or an allopathist, and has formed his own opinion on the subject. For my part, I never take any medicine, and should be perfectly willing to be treated for any disease by a competent nurse. Believing that drugs may be dispensed with, and are generally injurious, I rejoice in the spread of homœopathy, because a homœopathic dose of medicine is the nearest thing to no medicine at all.

Having now a system of medicine in which he believed, Dr. Hahnemann returned to its practice, and very soon found a hornet's nest about his ears. While practicing his new system in a hospital near Brunswick, the apothecaries of the place formed a league against the doctor, who made his own medicines, and whose system threatened their business with ruin. They discovered an ancient law which forbade physicians to prescribe medicines not made by a regular apothecary, and Hahnemann was compelled to leave the place. He removed successively to three other towns, from each of which he was in turn driven by the apothecaries. He then fixed his residence at Leipsic, where he had his first eminent and undeniable success. It was in 1813, when, in consequence of the presence of two large armies, a malignant typhus fever raged, and the sick became so numerous that it was necessary to divide them among the city physicians. Seventy-three cases fell to the share of Dr. Hahnemann, all of whom he treated on the homœopathic system, and all of whom recovered, except one old man. This striking success, while it increased the number of his disciples, inflamed the fury of his enemies, and he could not go into the streets without being hooted at and insulted. Compelled again to take flight, he found refuge at the obscure capital of one of his disciples, the duke of Anhalt. But even there he was not safe from persecution. Several times the windows of his house were broken, and he seldom ventured out of doors.

Meanwhile, his writings and the fame of his success brought him such multitudes of patients, that the little town in which he lived acquired an importance it had never before known, and derived so much advantage from the concourse of patients that a reaction in his favor set in, and he became in time the most popular man in the town. After practicing fifteen years under the protection of the Duke of Anhalt, a curious circumstance drew him away from his seclusion. He was then a widower of eighty years, though still possessed of much of the alertness and sprightliness of youth. A young French lady, who had come to consult him, became his enthusiastic admirer, and their acquaintance soon ended in marriage. His young wife induced him to remove to Paris. So popular had he become, and so necessary to the prosperity of the little town, that it was deemed best for him to take his departure secretly in the night, for fear the people might forcibly detain him.

At Paris he again encountered the opposition of the physicians and apothecaries. It was on this occasion that M. Guizot, then minister of public instruction, made his celebrated reply to the members of the Academy of Medicine, who came to ask him to refuse Dr. Hahnemann permission to exercise his profession in France.

"Either," said M. Guizot, "homœopathy is a chimera or it is not. If it is, it will fall of itself; if it is not, it will remain in spite of all the measures which can be taken to retard its development."

In Paris he had wonderful success. His waiting-rooms were crowded with patients. He devoted himself to the practice of his art, to the propagation of his doctrines, and to the instruction of his pupils with an energy and ardor seldom equalled in a man of four score. For a period of eight years he was the fashionable physician of Paris. Until within a few weeks of his death he continued to enjoy excellent health, and died in 1843, aged eighty-eight years, leaving behind him in every country of Christendom a considerable number of ardent disciples. Besides his labors as a physician, he published books enough for a small library. Including his translations, he gave the world about a hundred volumes upon medicine and chemistry.

Hahnemann was one of the most active, vehement, sincere and persevering of mortals. Whether his doctrine be true or false, he has done immense good in the world by exciting inquiry, and by assisting to deliver the sick from those pernicious and violent remedies which killed more people than they cured, and aggravated disease as often as they relieved it. Bleeding, blistering and mercury—how can we be too grateful to a man who put them out of fashion? And how we ought to bless the memory of him who delivered little children from those appalling doses of salts, castor oil, and rhubarb with which they used to be terrified and griped.

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THE LOST DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The article by Mrs. Ritchie, which I read in the *Ledger* of May 18, entitled "Marie Antoinette's Necklace," brought to my mind the circumstances of a visit made several years ago to the home of one who lived and died firmly impressed with the belief that he was the sole surviving offspring of the beautiful, ill-fated Queen of France.

In the month of September, 1858, there passed away to his rest the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who held the unshaken conviction that he was the lost Dauphin of France, with the blood of many princely lines in his veins, the child of the unfortunate, martyred Marie Antoinette and her husband, Louis the Sixteenth.

He was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a man of tall and portly figure, with large, full, heavy features and swarthy cheek, dark, perhaps, as of those of his Indian neighbours, among whom he ministered. By many he was supposed to be of their race, with a faint intermixture of the blood of the whites.

No one has read the history of our country without pausing, sadly and lingeringly, over the account of the attack upon Deerfield, Mass., in the pre revolutionary times, by the Indians. These savages fell upon the little border settlement, with burning, massacre, and all the wild rioting which ever characterized their assaults. The tomahawk and the scalping knife did their work upon some of the inhabitants. Some perished in the flames. Upon others fell the terrible doom of captivity, and they were driven in the train of their captors, far through the pathless forests, to the home which was to be their prison.

Among these last were a portion of the family of Mr. Williams, the pastor of Deerfield. One of these, a daughter, survived her captivity, adopted the habits of her captors, and died among them. From her is said, by the remnants of the tribe, to have descended Eleazer Williams, (the child of an Indian father,) who in his early youth was by some of the Williams family, still residing at Longmeadow, Mass., taken to their home and educated. He assumed the name of Williams, and, as he grew to manhood, resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel among the people with whom he then claimed affinity.

Thus the youth grew to manhood, supposing himself to be an Indian. But circumstances, strange and mysterious, afterwards occurred, which caused him to repudiate the belief and to adopt the idea that he was, instead, the lost Dauphin.

Relics of the King and Queen of France reached him mysteriously. He was sought and questioned by old followers of the Bourbons, and even by members of that race. Strange questions were asked in these secret interviews, mysteriously sought. His likeness to Louis the Sixteenth was often affirmed by persons who had seen the king in life, and his resemblance to portraits of Louis, still extant, was indeed wonderful.

His swarthy cheek had not the copper hue of the Indians, and it was at length affirmed that more than one person could be found who remembered when he was brought to St. Regis an infirm and imbecile lad, of an age corresponding with the Dauphin's at the period of his supposed death. And to this state it was known that the cruelties practised upon the young prince by his jailer had reduced the royal child.

I cannot now remember all the corroborating testimony which was brought to uphold this claim by those who favored it. The memory of it is still fresh, however, in many minds, for only a few years have passed since it was, for a time, the sensation of the day.

In September, 1858, while the summer heats still lingered, I went to pass two pleasant weeks at Massena Springs, a quiet little watering-place situated in the northern part of the State of New York, and near the great river St. Lawrence. The springs, one of which is very warm, though they are situated but a few feet apart, rise bubbling from the very bank of the river Racquette, which hurries toward its junction with the St. Lawrence, a few miles away, bringing memories of the Adirondacks, amidst which it had its rise, a hundred miles and more distant.

The "season" was over; for, in these high latitudes, winter sends early premonitions. Few people still remained at the springs. The "fiddler"—the traditionary Orpheus of the establishment—had sought "fresh fields" and "ballrooms new." Spiritual recreations, in a worldly sense, could be found at the "bar;" in a more elevated sense, in the conversation and prayers of several pleasant clergymen still remaining there.

When I first arrived, the tidings of the death of Eleazer Williams reached me. I had hoped to see him, but had to content myself with a drive to the place of his residence and a sight of the shell, in which a man round whom at least a strange and mysterious influence had lingered, had dwelt.

The Indian village of St. Regis lies at the confluence of the river St. Regis and the St. Lawrence, fourteen miles from Massena. Three miles distant is Hogansburgh, built on land repurchased from the Indian Reservation, I believe, and the home for many years of Eleazer Williams. Here is the neat, brown cottage which he built, and the church in which he ministered; and there I saw, that beautiful September day, the grave where the fresh sods lay above his newly-stilled heart. He claimed relationship with the mighty ones of the earth, but none of his own blood stood beside his dying bed; and none but a few straggling half-breeds from the neighboring village claimed kindred with him when they laid him there beneath the trees.

The house where he died was empty and deserted. The wife, long estranged from him, had her home in a far western State. The son, a noted pilot, had forsaken his native waters. The old man died alone, and carried into the Future all the mysteries and perplexities of his Fate, to be solved, God willing, in the light of that clearer region which lies beyond the grave. American Indian, or descendant of a mighty line of princes, that had sat upon one of the grandest of Old World thrones? Who can tell? Has he pierced the closely-wrapped secret?

There was nothing to be learned about it there except these few facts. His physician showed me through the house, mysterious in its silence and gloom, and he told me this: There are unmistakable anatomical differences between the white races and the North American Indians, and tested by these, Williams had been clearly shown to be a white man. He bore upon his person all the marks borne by the Dauphin. His Indian mother had never spoken of him save by the Indian word, or phrase, which signifies a "son by adoption," and he greatly resembled both Louis and Marie Antoinette.

There was very little furniture in the house, but a very large and valuable library filled two of the upper rooms. There were many rare and costly English works, and a large and interesting collection of ancient and modern French ones. But there was nothing there of such interest to the curious as the collection of relics, many of which had reached him in the most mysterious manner, referring to the Bourbons, and particularly to the ill-fated pair who died upon the scaffold. A little of the rich clothing of Louis, before he had been called the "citizen Capet;" an elegant but faded robe of gleaming brocade that Marie Antoinette had worn; pictures (engravings in the best style of French art) of both; a few jewels; a snuff-box in silver, with the Bourbon crest; and many articles of less value there were. Of course I could not decide this question. I only know what was the fate of the man who believed his parents of such exaltad rank, and died with such an uncertainty hanging about him; who died alone, unowned by kindred, and with no words of affection lingering in his ears. Was he the son of Marie Antoinette, who died alone in that little Indian village? Did the blood of the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs run in the veins of the lonely man? Or came he from a savage ancestry—of the same race as the dusky children with whom he had played? None can tell; and, perhaps, now that all political reasons for tracing his [illegible] the question will never again be mooted, and the mystery will remain forever unsolved.

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JAUNTY MEN.

Women of sense do not like this variety of the human species. By "jaunty men" we mean those excessively debonair individuals with a minuet step and self-satisfied smirk, whose social specialty is an affectation of nonchalance. As a rule your jaunty man wears his hat a little on one side and cultivates a rakish appearance generally. If a handsome woman passes him he generally throws at her, over his shoulder, a glance which he intends to be at once careless and killing, but which is a failure in both respects, being simply pert and presuming. Jaunty men often amble along the fashionable promenade in pairs. In these cases the hats of the twain almost invariably slant in different directions,—one being cocked over the right eye, the other over the left. Most of the species are below the middle height, and wear remarkably high-heeled boots. They delight also in vivid tints, and indulge, if nature has been propitious to them in the matter of hair, in a good deal of wingy whisker; and, if their teeth are good, show them frequently. The jaunty man looks as if he thought his "mission" in life was to make an impression, especially upon the ladies, and when they smile *at* him he supposes them to be smiling *on* him. So he goes on his dapper way rejoicing—a much deluded individual. It is utterly impossible for any person with a well-constituted mind to respect a jaunty man. As easily might one respect a Jumping-Jack. Fancying himself the glass of fashion and the mould of form, he is, in fact, obtrusively unlike a gentleman; quietude of manner being a cardinal element of true gentility. Jaunty men sometimes tickle the fancies of weak girls, but find no favor with the thinking portion of the sex, who look right through them, and gage them at their true value, which "is less than nothing and vanity."

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THE FIRST MONTH OF SUMMER.

June is always "a thing of beauty," likewise "a joy for ever," as fresh and lovely now as when the first rosebud opened its red and perfumed lips to drink the kisses of the Sun. It is in June that the opera season begins in earnest in the groves and meadows. The May melodies are simply rehearsals, preparatory to the pouring forth of the full tide of choral song. The May green, too, is mere patchwork. It is not until the first week in June that field and forest are attired in a verdurous mantle without a blemish or a flaw. Then the red cheeks of the buxom cherries begin to glow among the dark green leaves, and the strawberries betray themselves by their blushes as the warmth enriches and incarnadines their vegetable blood. The bees are taking a light refection among the garden flowers, until the clover-feast is ready, and all the insect tribes are in a state of ecstacy. Field larks quiver in the air over their tufted nests, and robins flit silently through the orchards, too thoughtful of their coming broods to sing. The stream-fish that looked wistfully at the sky through the plate glass of nature all winter long, are turning summersaults in the air after the hovering waterflies, and treacherous anglers haunt the brookside with cunningly devised lures to tempt them to their ruin. Lambs frisk in the pastures, and the responsive mint, that lends such a delicious flavor to the delicate hind-quarter, is ready for the chopping-knife. All creation, in fact, is as good as new—nay, better, for cultivation has wonderfully improved it since the great thaw that succeeded the "glacial period," gave a fairer aspect to the face of Nature. June is the Eden month of the year. April and May are but the proem of the Summer epic—June, the opening book of "Paradise Restored."

NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Withered and old the dying moonlight falling!
Faint, faint and cold the hollow night-wind calling,
And faint and cold the promise of the morrow!

O'er dreary sand-flats, desolately lying,
We hear the deep voice of the sea replying,
Wrung with strange grief akin to human sorrow!

Far off and cold God's heaven darkens o'er us,
And gray and old the long years stretch before us—
Each weary step marked by the Rue and Marble.

We breathe the balm of summer woods and flowers;
We hear the far-off foot-falls of the showers,
Smote through by some wild bird's delicious warble.

And through the rolling mists that vail our vision
We catch fleet glimpses of the lost Elysian—
The dewy dawn of youth's sweet morning story.

But stern and sad a hand points to the morrow,
And wild and drear the wail of life's long sorrow
Beats on the golden doors of God's far glory!

Deeper and deeper still the night is growing—
Nearer and wild we hear Death's river flowing—
And harps' and psalters' long melodious striving—

Till swift and sweet the Morning breaks around us,—
Lo! in the dark God's hidden hand hath crowned us
With thornless rose and palm eternally living!

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.

ARRIVAL.

Britain! America! Mother and child,
Be heartily, happily, reconciled,
  Look to the world around;
Stricken by phrenzy, with guilt defiled,
A storm-tossed ship in the surges wild,
  Soon to be wrecked and drowned!

Mother and daughter against the world
Under your peaceful flags unfurled,
  Rights may rally at length;
While earth's hurricane, inwardly curled
Spent with ruin of wrongs down-hurled
  Weakens and wastes its strength. M. F. T.

To see for the first time the shores of the old world! It is indeed like coming to another world! like entering into another life!

Have we died? Was the vast sheet of water we passed the River of Death? And is the land we see before us the abode of departed spirits? If so, is it Hades, or Elysium?" It looks more like Elysium!

So mused Drusilla as she stood dreamily leaning over the bulwarks of the Huronia, and gazing on the lovely shores of the Emerald Isle, all glittering in the beams of the rising sun, as the ship approached the beautiful Cove of Cork.

She had risen very early and come up on deck alone to get a quiet first view of the land. All was bustle around her, for the ship was preparing to lay to for the purpose of landing the passengers for Ireland. The tiny steamboat from the shore was already puffing and blowing its way out to the ocean leviathan to take them off.

Men, women and children, servants, porters and baggage, began to throng up from below.

But Drusilla, plunged in a dream of the past, was almost unconscious of the confusion around her.

"Elysium! for certainly it is peopled with the spirits of departed heroes and sages!" she murmured to herself as the rivers of history and tradition rolled through her memory.

A caressing hand was laid upon her shoulder and a kind voice said in her ear:

"Good-morning, my child! Well, you see before you 'Hibernia,' 'Erin,' 'Ireland,' th[illegible] [illegible]ank of it?"

"Oh, uncle, it is a lovely, lovely land! Who can look upon it and not love it? And, oh! what an experience to look upon it for the first time! It is as if some beautiful creation of imagination was actually realized to the senses! To look upon her shores and think of her history, her legends and her poetry! to almost see the shades of her dead heroes, sages and minstrels!" said Drusilla, enthusiastically.

"Well, my dear, I dare say ardent young strangers like you feel all these things and see all these ghosts. But I don't suppose the people who live in the land, or the mariners that frequent the cove, ever do. Such is the effect of novelty in your case, and of habit in theirs."

"But can *any* length of habit blind one to such beauty as this? Oh, look! was ever such brilliant green herbage spread over the earth, or such heavenly blue sky above it, or such soft white clouds sailing over it? See those lovely, billowy hills! as the cloud-shadows pass over them they seem to rise and fall, like the waves of the ocean, only more gently! It reminds of something Tennyson said. What was it? Oh——

'The hills are shadows and they flow
  From form to form and nothing stands;
  They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.'

He was speaking geologically of the changes wrought by centuries; but here the beautiful green sunlit or cloud-shaded hills do seem every moment to 'flow from form to form,' 'to melt like mists,' 'like clouds to shape themselves and go.'"

"You are a dreamer, little Drusa!"

"It *does* seem like a dream. I should not be the least surprised to wake up and find myself—where?—anywhere at all in my past life! In my little corner of the housekeeper's room in the Chief-Justice's dwelling; in the lolling chair of the little drawing-room at Cedarwood waiting for Alick to come back; or at dear old Lyon Hall with little Lenny trying to pull my eyes open. Life seems often very like a dream."

"And always in any great change of scene or circumstances."

"And most of all in coming to an old, historical country like this, that we have always known in imagination, and never in reality. But look, uncle! do not let us lose the features of this sweet scene! It will be a picture in our mind's eye for many coming years. See, away there on the horizon, crowning the most distant of the visible hills, a cluster of old, gray ruins—the remains of some mediæval castle or monastery! And look a little further down. See the mossy huts, dotted about at long intervals, half hidden in dells and thickets, and under great trees; and nearer still, the town with its glittering spires and its forest of shipping!"

"Yes, my dear, the ninth century and the nineteenth are brought together in this view!"

Here the old man felt a pair of tenacious little claws fasten themselves upon his leg, and a shrill, tiny voice sing out:

"Untle Danpa! Untle Danpa Dennel!"

And, turning, he saw and lifted up little Lenny.

Little Lenny's language needs translating. He called or tried to call every one around him by the names he heard them call each other. Thus, with him, Drusilla was called "Doosil;" Anna, "Nannan;" Dick, "Dit;" while General Lyon, who was variously called uncle, grandpa, or general, was "Untle Danpa," or even "Untle Danpa Dennel."

"Well, my little man, what do you want?" inquired the General, smiling on the child.

"Hee, hee!" cried Lenny, pointing to the shore. "Mate Doosil tate Lenny home."

"'Make Drusil' take Lenny home?' Why, where is home?"

"Dere, dere! Mate Doosil tate Lenny home!"

"That's not home!"

"Yet tid too! Mate Doosil tate Lenny home, *dit minute!*"

"You peremptory little despot! what do you mean?"

"Oh, uncle, you know ever since Lenny lost sight of land, he has been abroad; now he sees it again, he thinks it is home!" said Drusilla, smiling on the child.

Master Lenny, with his father's features, inherited much of his father's self-will; and so he soon became both obstreperous and vociferous in his demands to be taken home.

"Mamma will take Lenny over there presently," said Drusilla, soothingly, as she took the child in her arms. "You know, uncle, our steamer will lie here until this afternoon, and we shall have time to go on shore for an hour or so," she added, turning to the veteran.

"Yes, I suppose Anna and Dick would like it. I know I should. And—ah! here they come now!" said the General, as his niece and nephew appeared upon the deck.

"What a charming view!" exclaimed Anna.

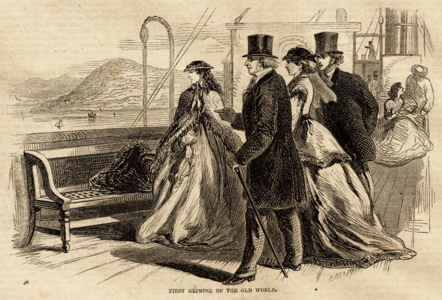
"It is like Fairy land!" cried Dick.

"Come, come! none of that now you know! We've had enough of it! Here's Drusa been singing its praises ever since I came to her side. And there, thank goodness, there's the breakfast-bell! Come down now, and praise the Company's cook! Two weeks' trial has proved him to be incomparable," said the General, leading the way to the saloon.

After breakfast, the party got ready to go on shore.

The little steamer made several trips between the ship and the shore, and they availed themselves of its accommodation to land.

Terrace after terrace, they ascended the picturesque heights of the town until they reached the highest point—"Spy Hill,"—from which they enjoyed a magnificent bird's-eye view of the sea and land—the broad expanse of the Channel; the harbor, with its abrupt headlands and its countless shipping; its shores, with their beautiful trees and elegant villas; and the rolling country beyond.



FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE OLD WORLD.

They spent the morning in walking about amid the charming scenery, until little Lenny, having tired his own legs and every body else's arms, got hungry and sleepy, and ordered his biggers to give him something to eat and to put him to bed.

Then they went down to the village, entered a pastry-cook's shop, and got a light luncheon; and, next, they hired a boat to take them back to their ship.

They found that they had no time to lose, for she was getting up her steam to start again; and, if they had not hastened, they might have been left behind.

The steamer sailed at four o'clock that afternoon; but she encountered rough weather in the channel, so that it was nearly dark the next day when she reached Liverpool.

And now our party felt the inconvenience of having so much baggage. They were anxious to hasten on to London. They could see Liverpool at any future time before their return home; but they wished to reach London soon enough to enjoy the last few remaining weeks of the season, and, above all, to be in time to see the "Derby," which was to come off in two days. There was a train to start at six that evening, and if they could have caught it, they might have reached London by twelve midnight, in time for a good night's rest. And if it had not been for their great quantity of baggage, they could have done so; but they had twenty-one trunks to be inspected by the custom-house officers, and had also to wait their turn to be attended to.

There is much grumbling at these functionaries; but for my part, I have found them always courteous—doing their ungracious duty with as much forbearance as they could conscientiously exercise.

"You have made us lose the train. We wished to go up to London by the six o'clock express," growled General Lyon, as the officer on duty came up at length to examine the luggage.

"Very sorry, sir; but it could not be helped. There is a parliamentary goes at ten."

"'A parliamentary?' What the deuce is a 'parliamentary?'"

The man looked up in surprise at this traveller's ignorance, yet scarcely knew how to enlighten him on so simple a subject; for the most obvious things are often the most difficult of explanation to those that do not understand them.

"What the mischief is the parliamentary?" again inquired the General.

The officer looked up from the open trunk before which he was kneeling, and answered, slowly:

"Well, sir, the parliamentary is—— the parliamentary, you know."

"Humph!"

"It is not the express."

"So I should judge from its name."

"It is the slow, heavy train."

"Everything 'parliamentary' is, I should imagine. When does this 'parliamentary' start?"

"At ten to-night, and gets in at five in the morning."

"A most uncomfortable hour!—too late to go to bed, and too early to be up! What the deuce makes your 'parliamentary' so slow and heavy?"

"It is the people's train—the accommodation—carries the three classes of carriages and stops at all the stations."

"Umph-humph!"

"The first-class carriages are very comfortable, and you can sleep in them as comfortably as in your own arm-chair."

"Humph! that might do very well for an after-dinner nap; hardly for a night's rest!"

While they were thus conversing, the custom-house officer was passing from one trunk to another, lifting their lids and looking in. He finished, and marked the lot, and went away.

"I think, grandpa, if you had had ten thousand dollars worth of smuggled goods in these trunks, and designed to cheat the revenue of the duties, you could not have gone to work more cunningly than by talking as you did to the officer. The man couldn't attend to what he was doing for listening to you," laughed Anna.

"Now what are we to do with all these 'impediments?' I wish, for my part, the custom-house fellow had seized the lot; or that we had encountered a storm at sea, and it had been found necessary to throw them all overboard to lighten the ship! It would have saved us a deal of time, and trouble, and expense. And we have all we really want in our carpet-bags," growled the General.

"Uncle, I hope you are not turning into a regular grumbler? That wouldn't be like yourself! But you have done nothing *but* grumble, ever since you landed, and without the slightest provocation, you naughty old uncle!" said Drusilla, saucily.

"My dear, give me some credit that I do not SWEAR as well as grumble!"

"Oh, uncle, think what the Dutchman said when he whipped his sulky son,—'Hans, you might as coot zay 'tamn' as tink 'tamn!''"

"Drusil, I am thinking 'tamn' very intently, ever since I came on shore. Now, where the deuce are the porters? Now, if this were New York, one would be deafened by them," growled the General, showing himself in front.

His grievance was removed, and he was "deafened by them" and others immediately.

"Porter, sir?"

"Cab, sir?"

"Fly, sir?"

"Queen's hotel?"

"Adelphi?"

"Star-and-Garter?"

"Tines, sir?"

Were some of the sounds shouted into his ears—not once, but a score of times

"Queen's hotel, sir?"

"Lord Admiral, sir?"

"Carriage, sir? How many, sir? Where to, sir?"

"How can I tell when I can't hear myself think, for your noise? Dick, answer all these men, and see to the baggage being taken to the station. Jacob hasn't knowledge enough—he would be sure to get it lost; though, for that matter, I wish he would lose it—it would be an immense relief to me! I shall take Anna and Drusilla over to that restaurant, to get them out of this din and to give them a cup of tea."

"All right, uncle. Pray go and make yourself and the ladies comfortable," said Dick, good-humoredly.

"And let me see," said the General, examining his watch. "It is now nine o'clock. The—hem—'parliamentary' starts at ten. We have but an hour to wait. It will not be worth while to go to a hotel. I think it will be best for us to stop over there until it is time for us to go to the station. See to getting our tickets, Dick, will you? And have a carriage at the door there in time."

"All right, uncle. Make yourself easy."

"Come along, young women! Pina, give me that child. You look as if you were ready to drop under his weight."

"A sleeping baby is twice as heavy as a waking one, sir," said the girl, as she placed the child in the old man's arms.

And regardless of the staring street boys who grinned at seeing the "old gent" playing nursemaid, he crossed the street to a cheerful gas-lighted pastry-cook's shop, where he and his party were accommodated with a small private parlor and a neatly spread tea-table.

Before they got half through with tea, Dick joined them and reported that he had procured the tickets for a whole compartment in the first-class carriages, which he declared to be quite as comfortable as the civil custom-house officer had represented them to be.

Dick was served with a cup of tea, a plate of sallyluns, toast, periwinkles, shrimps, and the finest strawberries he had ever seen.

Dick quaffed his tea with avidity, for he was both heated and thirsty; and he also enjoyed the toast and the sallyluns; but he glanced suspiciously at the periwinkles and the shrimps.

"What manner of fish, flesh, fruit or vegetable may these be?" he inquired, taking up a plate of periwinkles and squinting at them.

"Taste and see," answered Anna, as with the point of a pin she delicately drew one from its snail-like shell.

Drusilla was at the same time peeling a shrimp for little Lenny.

Dick glanced from one to the other and shuddered. These tea-table delicacies looked—the one so like an insect, the other so like a reptile.

"Try this, Dick," coaxed Anna, as she offered him a morsel from the point of a new pin.

Dick shrank.

"Now don't be prejudiced! Consider what an uninviting edible is the oyster, in the shell or out of it! Who that did not know how good it is would ever dare to eat it? Now try this?"

"Oh, thou modern Eve! I take it, since thou tellest me it is 'good for food,'" sighed Dick, as he gingerly accepted the dainty.

"Now how do you like it?" inquired Anna.

"My temptress, it is delicious! I thank thee for introducing me to the acquaintance of the periwink.'"

"I knew you would like it," said Anna.

"More s'imp! more s'imp!" called out little Lenny, for whom his mamma could not peel fast enough.

"Are they good also, Master Lenny?" smiled Dick, helping himself to one.

"Dey dood. Mate Nannan peel for woo, Dit," answered the little Turk, who evidently thought that women were made to wait on men and—boys.

"They have an exquisite flavor! They are as fine, with a difference, as the periwink' itself. Master Lenny, your humble servant. I'm bound to you for making me acquainted with the shrimp. I don't know which of these two dainties I like the best. After this I can believe in a man being in love with two——"

"Dishes at the same time," interjected Anna.

"Ladies at the same time," concluded Dick.

"More s'imps! more s'imps! Mate Pina peel!" vociferated the little despot, for whom his mamma could not keep up the supply.

And Pina was called to help; but new hands are awkward at the shrimp peeling business; and as Pina took a minute to peel a delicate morsel that Master Lenny swallowed in a second, he soon called out again:

"More s'imps! more s'imps! Mate Nannan peel too!"

Anna good-naturedly complied. But even with her help the demand continued to be greater than the supply. And the tiny autocrat, looking around and seeing no more female slaves at hand, called out:

"More s'imps! more s'imps! And mate *Dit* peel."

"And Dick obediently sacrificed his periwinkles, and cheerfully betook himself to the service of the liliputian tyrant.

But still the demand exceeded the supply, for these vassals were awkward at the work; so, after glancing dubiously at his venerable relative, Master Leonard sang out lustily:

"More s'imps! more s'imps! And mate Untledranpa peel!"

And the veteran soldier of hard-won fields, the leader of tens of thousands, smiled submissively and obeyed the baby boy.

But there is an end to all things, even to infant despotism, and so when the three-quarters past nine struck the party rose from the table, for they had but fifteen minutes to catch the train in.

They hurried on their outer garments and hastened into the hired fly and were driven rapidly to the station.

Lively and well-lighted, but by no means noisy or confused was the scene. There was a very long and heavy train of carriages, for it carried the "three estates," but so orderly were all the arrangements, so exact were the regulations, so well trained the guards and porters, so vigilant the police, that all went smoothly and surely as clock-work.

As if by magic, our travellers soon found themselves in a first-class carriage, with all their luggage piled on the roof, flying along with great rapidity, while hedges, fields and farm-houses, seen dimly in the half light, reeled past on either side. Though it was ten o'clock post meridian, yet in these northern latitudes, and at this season, it was still twilight. The carriage in which our travellers found themselves was in many respects like the inside of a large family coach, only it was much more capacious than any such vehicle. It had eight well-cushioned spring seats—four front and four back; and glass doors and windows on the right and left. In recesses under the seats and racks over them there was ample space for the storage of all their light luggage.

Anna and Drusilla occupied the back seats, General Lyon and Dick the front ones. Down on the floor between them, on a bed made of rugs and shawls, with a carpet-bag for a pillow, little Lenny, satisfied with shrimps, was laid asleep. Pina and Leo had seats in a second-class carriage.

Once shut up in their own carriage with the train in motion, our travellers were as isolated from all other people as if they had been making the journey in their own family coach. They neither saw nor heard anything of their fellow-passengers.

For the first hour they conversed a little with each other, making comments upon the ride, as:

"How long the twilight lasts in these parts;" or:

"Will this light mist turn to rain before morning?" or:

"What a carefully cultivated country! There is no waste land hereabouts. The whole scene seems to be a perpetual landscape garden."

But in the second hour they gradually succumbed to fatigue and drowsiness and dropped off to sleep—each reposing in a corner as he or she best could, and waking only when the train would stop at a wayside station, which, by-the-by, was every few minutes.

Whenever it stopped there were passengers to get in or out, but the train was so very long that the chances were that these passengers would be a quarter of a mile before or behind them; and so, though our friends always on these occasions roused themselves and looked forth, they saw little beyond the lighted station, the vanishing platform, and running guards and porters.

Drusilla always looked from the windows with something more than curiosity—with eager interest; for, since she landed in England, her uppermost thought had been that she was in the same country with her Alick; and who knew but she might meet him any where at any moment—even at one of these way-side stations?

But whenever the train started again, the swift motion, and the late hour, and the comfortable, not to say luxurious resting-place lulled her in a light slumber, in which she was still conscious of the strange, new scene—the wondrous old country through which she was passing; feeling that she loved the old mother-land of her race, and loved it well; dreaming that she was returning there after ages of expatriation; seeing shades of knights in armor, "old ancestral spirits;" seeing visions of mediæval halls, with all the barbaric pageantry of long ago, dimly shadowed forth. Then waking up to note with delight the fresh, bright rural scenes of to-day—the thickly-sown, but luxuriantly-growing fields; the green hedges; the crowded but flourishing gardens; the shrub-shaded, vine-covered cottages—the humblest laborer's hut all mantled with flowering green creepers that made it look like a garden bower, the slenderest strip of land along the line of the rails thickly planted with vegetables,—nothing wasted, nothing ugly.

It was only a little past midnight, yet it was already morning, and every moment day broadened.

Drusilla continued to gaze with surprise and delight upon the beautiful land; for, whatever the sky of England may be, the face of the country, especially in this region, is very charming.

Sometimes Drusilla's contemplations would be interrupted by a restless movement of little Lenny. She would then stoop and turn him over, and he would fall asleep again.

General Lyon and Anna slept so soundly at length that they were not awakened by the stopping of the train, nor even by the loud snoring of Dick, who, when in a state of somnolency, was a fine performer on the proboscis—the only musical instrument he understood.

Long before they reached London, its distant, huge cloud of smoke and fog hanging upon the horizon greeted the eye—its distant thunder of blended sounds came softened to the ear.

Soon they were at Euston Square Station, in all the great crowd and bustle of the parliamentary train's arrival.

It was surprising to them, amid the hundreds of travellers and the hills of luggage to be cared for, how soon our party, without much effort on their own part, was attended to.

Before they had time to become impatient, they found themselves in one cab, followed by their servants in another, bowling along through the streets of London.

It was but little past four o'clock, and all the shops were still closed, and the sidewalks nearly deserted. Only the earliest bakers', butchers', and costermongers' carts were abroad, or cabs and vans taking passengers to and from early trains, or cook-maids at the heads of area stairs, receiving from the milkman the daily supply.

Even at this early hour, there were many novelties of the London streets that struck pleasantly upon our travellers' eyes, among them the abundance of flowers shown in almost every open window of every house. But what pleased Master Lenny most was the costermongers' little carts, piled with green vegetables and ripe fruit, and drawn by little donkeys. Master Lenny took them to be toy-carts for little boys to play with, and insisted upon being accommodated with one immediately; nor was he to be quieted until his mamma promised him a mysterious pleasure in a donkey-ride at Greenwich.

It is a long drive from Euston Square Station to the Morley House, Trafalgar Square, which had been selected as their hotel by General Lyon, at the recommendation of a fellow-passenger on board the Huronia.

It was nearly five o'clock when they reached the house, yet few servants seemed to be stirring about it.

They could be accommodated with apartments immediately, said the polite functionary who happened to be on duty; but he regretted to add that they would have to wait for breakfast, as the head waiter did not rise until seven.

"Two hours to wait. It is too bad, after such a fatiguing night-ride," groaned General Lyon.

He had endured nights of toil and days of fasting, in the battle times of long ago; but he was young then and the cause was great, so he had rather liked that sort of life; but it was different with him now that he was old and fated to abide the pleasure of the head waiter.

They were shown to large, airy, clean bed rooms, all near each other, and opening upon the corridors, and having one private parlor in the suit.

In this parlor our party gathered for a moment to consult. The delay of breakfast is sometimes felt as a calamity.

"Can we not procure even a cup of coffee for love or money?" inquired Dick.

The official was very sorry, but the head waiter would not rise till seven.

"Will you be so good as to send a chambermaid, then?" requested Anna.

He was very sorry, but he was afraid the chambermaids were not yet stirring. The hour was early.

"So it is; and we must be reasonable. Servants must have their rest, you know," said Drusilla, soothingly.

And the really obliging attendant smiled and bowed.

"Let us go to our rooms and make ourselves comfortable and lie down. Perhaps we shall sleep; at any rate, we shall rest. The two hours will soon pass," continued Drusilla.

"No, no, no, no! No do 'leep!" objected the head of the family, who had had his own sleep out and had waked up hungry. "No do 'leep! More s'imp—more s'imp!"

"Poor little fellow, *he* is hungry," sighed Drusilla.

"I think I can get some warm milk and bread for the child, ma'am," said the man.

"Oh, I shall be very much obliged to you if you will. We can wait better than he can," said Drusilla, gratefully.

And the man went out and fetched the milk and bread, which, at first, Master Lenny refused to touch, peremptorily exclaiming:

"No, no, no! No b'ed milt!—more s'imp!"

But being assured that his slaves could not procure shrimps for him, he seemed to divine that even despots cannot compel people to perform impossibilities, and also being very hungry, he ate his bread and milk.

When Lenny had finished his meal, the party separated and went to their bed rooms to lie down for an hour or two. They did not expect to sleep, but they slept—so soundly that they did not awake until some time after seven o'clock, when a waiter rapped at General Lyon's door to take his orders about the breakfast.

The General referred him for instructions to Mrs. Hammond.

And soon the whole party, much refreshed by their sleep, assembled in the private parlor for breakfast.

It was after eight, however, before it was finally set upon the table.

There were fine Mocha coffee, English breakfast tea, rich cream, sweet butter, fresh eggs, broiled ham and broiled pigeons, light bread, toast and muffins.

For a few minutes our famished travellers were so closely engaged in discussing these delicacies, that not a word was wasted upon any other subject than their meal. But after they had all eaten and were satisfied, they began to talk of their immediate plans of enjoyment. The great city held out a thousand attractions to strangers. It was an "embarrassment of riches" in the sight-seeing line that troubled them.

"Where shall we go first?" was the great question.

Various answers were returned.

"To the Royal Academy."

"To Westminster Abbey."

"To the Tower."

"The British Museum."

"St. Paul's Cathedral."

"The Zoological Gardens."

These were a few of the suggestions offered; but as the three young people spoke at once, it was impossible for their elder and arbitrator to know who favor what.

"I think, upon reflection," he said, at length, "that we had better not attempt any of those great sights just now. To see either one of them well would be an exhausting day's work; and we wish to be fresh for the Derby to-morrow. The Derby, my children! Come! we shall have time enough to see everything else afterwards. But we can only see the Derby to-morrow; so to-day, I think, we will just take a fly and drive around and leave some of our letters of introduction, with our present address. What do you say to that plan?"

As the plan was of the General's devising, all agreed to it.

A fly was ordered, and the ladies retired to change their dresses for the drive.

Drusilla was the most expeditious with her toilet. She soon returned to the parlor fully equipped for her drive.

Little Lenny, in charge of his nurse, was standing within the recess of the front window, dancing with delight at something he saw outside. Drusilla heard a pair of shrill, cracked voices in apparent conflict below.

"Hee! hee! Doosil—hee!" shouted the child.

Drusilla approached, and witnessed for the first time the renowned Punch and Judy show.

While standing there and enjoying her child's enjoyment, she saw a gentleman come forth apparently from a coffee-room below and start to cross Trafalgar Square; and with a half-suppressed cry she recognized—

Alexander Lyon.

She had been always looking for him—always expecting to see him since she first set foot in England, yet she had known that her looking was like the search for a needle in a hay-rick, and her expectations as extravagant in the first instance as they would be in the last.

And now that she actually saw him walk out from the same house in which she herself was sojourning, the astonishment and the shock were so great, that she reeled and held by the window-sill for support.

Without stopping to consider whether the action might be proper or otherwise, she turned to the waiter who was engaged in taking away the breakfast service, and beckoned him to her side. He came, his mouth a little open with wonder.

"Does that gentleman stop here?" she inquired, pointing to Mr. Lyon.

"Lord Killcrichtoun? Yes, ma'am, he stops here." replied the waiter.

"No, you mistake. You think I mean somebody else; but I mean *that* gentleman. Look! he is just half across the square now."

"Just so, ma'am, Lord Killcrichtoun of Killcrichtoun, County of Sutherland, North Britain. Yes, ma'am, he is here."

"I am sure you mistake. I allude to the gentleman in gray. Look! now he lifts his hat and replaces it. There, he is passing the corner?"

"Precisely, ma'am. He is up for the Derby, ma'am, begging your pardon. My lord goes down to Epsom this evening, ma'am. Any more commands, ma'am?"

"Thanks, no; you may go."

Drusilla sank down upon the nearest seat, unmindful of the prattling of her little Lenny, who was still laughing with delight at the broad absurdities of the puppet-show; for the whole truth flashed on her now. The young American gentleman who had claimed the barony of Killcrichtoun, in right of his mother, was no other than her own Alick! And he was living under the same roof with her! Did he know that she was here, or would he find it out? Were the names of all new-comers registered in open books in English hotels as in American ones? If so, was it his habit to look at them? What would he think if he saw her name on the books of the hotel—

"*Mrs. Alexander Lyon, child, and servant?*"

Would he happen to see her? Would he wish to see little Lenny? Suppose he were to meet her—what would he say or do? He might pass her; but could he pass little Lenny—charming little Lenny—fair-haired, blue-eyed little Lenny, with his father's own features and complexion? It was scarcely possible that he could.

And, if he should stop to caress his son, to take him in his arms, to press him to his heart what next? Would he stop there, and put the child away again?

Not likely! for, setting natural affection aside, now that he had a title, he would want an heir; and what a fine, promising one was this!

Or would he perhaps claim the child and take him from his mother? He *could* do so. The law would give him Lenny, though it should break the mother's heart. Would he avail himself of this law to tear her child from her arms?

No, never! she thought; badly as he had treated her while he had been maddened by the passions of pride and ambition, he would never while in his sober senses—never in cold blood deal her such a cruel blow.

True he had once, in bitterly cruel terms, denounced and renounced her forever; but she thought of his words whenever they forced themselves upon her memory, only as the ravings of phrenzied anger; she knew that they would never have been carried out to extremity. Alexander had told her that she might starve, but she felt in her heart that he would never even have let her want!

And now she felt sure that, however he might learn to love his little Lenny,—however he might desire to possess him, he would never attempt to take him away from her.

No, she was sure that he would rather let little Lenny lead him back to her.

Her hopes arose, her heart beat quickly at the thought.

Did she then feel no jealous pain at the idea of being reunited to her husband only through his natural affection for his child?

Not the least. She loved both too purely for such jealousy.

On the contrary, she felt that it would be sweet to be indebted to little Lenny for a reconciliation with his father. And she knew, besides, that once reconciled to Alick by *any* means, and especially by this means, she could WIN HER WAY to his heart, and gain a firmer hold there than she had ever possessed before.

Then her thoughts reverted to his new title:

"Lord Killcrichtoun—Baron Killcrichtoun of Killcrichtoun."

From what she had read she knew that it was an almost barren title, no wealth coming with it,—only an old ruin, and a few wretched huts in the wildest part of the Highlands appertaining to it.

But in his pride of race he had claimed the title, and no doubt had gone to great expense to prove his right to it, and he would probably remain in England to enjoy it, since in America it would only make him ridiculous.

She herself was strongly attached to her native country with its bright sunshine, its vast forests and its high mountains. All her friends and all her fortunes were there, yet she would gladly expatriate herself to live "anywhere, anywhere" under the sun with her Alick.

While she mused, General Lyon, Anna, and Dick came in, ready for their drive.

Dick said that the fly was waiting.

So after charging Pina to be very careful of little Lenny, Drusilla followed her party down stairs and into the carriage, and they started—to go first as in duty bound to leave their cards at the American Embassy, and then to leave their letters of introduction with the people for whom they were intended.

They did but stop and send in their cards and letters; they made no visit anywhere; but preferred to leave it to the option of their friends and correspondents to make their acquaintance or not.

They returned to the Morley House at four in the afternoon.

Anna went into her bedroom to take off her bonnet; but Drusilla hurried at once into the parlor to look after her child.

She found little Lenny quite safe; but boiling over with excitement, not to say indignation.

"Why, what is the matter with my little man?" inquired the mother, sitting down and lifting the child to her lap.

"Man! man! tut off Lenny turl!" exclaimed the child, pointing to his head, while his blue eyes flashed and his rosy cheeks flushed.

"Cut off Lenny's curl? Who did it? Pina! who did this?" inquired Drusilla, looking at the short lock from which the curl had been severed.

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know! I left Master Leonard in charge of the chambermaid only one minute, while I ran to get his milk and bread, and when I came back it was done."

"And what did the chambermaid say?"

"She said as how——"

"Never mind! I had rather hear the account from herself. Go and try and find that chambermaid, and fetch her here."

Pina went on the errand and soon returned with a blooming English girl, who curtsied and stood waiting orders.

"What is your name?" inquired Drusilla.

"Susan, ma'am."

"Well, Susan, did you have charge of this little child for a few minutes?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl, blushing.

"Then how came you to let any one cut off his curl?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I couldn't help it! It was done so sudden. And I didn't dare oppose my lord."

"My lord?"

"My Lord Killcrichtoun it was, ma'am, who did it."

"Killcrichtoun!" repeated Drusilla, as a light broke on her mind.

"*Killchristian!*" exclaimed Pina, in dismay. "*Killchristian!!* It's a wonder he had not cut off the child's head as well as his hair! Good gracious! was ever such a heathenish, savage, barbarious name!"

"So it was one of the gentlemen of the house who did it?" inquired Drusilla, striving to control the excess of her emotions.

"Yes, ma'am; but indeed I thought by the way he behaved that he had a right to do it, and that the child was some kin to him. He don't act so like a mad gentleman in general, ma'am."

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, ma'am, now I think upon it, I almost believe he must have watched his opportunity; for as soon as ever the nurse-maid was gone, he came to the door, looked all around, and seeing no one but me and my charge, took the boy up in his arms and hugged him and kissed him and fondled him, and almost cried over him; and then before I could suspect, much less prevent his doing it, he out with his pen-knife and whipped off that pretty golden curl. And then he hurried away. I think he heard the nurse-maid coming, for she was in the room the next minute. And you came in almost immediately after, ma'am."

"Then this has just occurred?"

"Not ten minutes ago, ma'am. Anything else, ma'am?"

"No," answered the lady. And the girl withdrew.

Drusilla called Pina to follow her and went slowly into her bed-room.

While taking off her bonnet and mantle and changing her dress for dinner, she was scarcely conscious of what she was doing. Her thoughts were absorbed by what had just occurred.

"Poor Alick," she said; "to love his child, his only son and only child, and not feel free to caress him! Oh, Alick, Alick, dear, do you think *I* would keep him from you? Much as I love him, you might have him half the time; you might have him all day, so that you would be kind to him, and I know you would be, and would let me have him back at night. Yes, Alick, dear, though you might never see or speak to *me* again, I would not keep the child out of your way. Love your boy, Alick, dear, and take all the comfort from him you can. He has been a great comfort to me, Alick, the little son you gave me, has."

So ran her thoughts as she mechanically put on a mauve taffetta dress and fastened her point lace collar with a diamond brooch, scarcely knowing what she wore.

Nina was also holding discourse, but not with herself or in silence.

"My precious little pet," she said, as she dressed Master Lenny in his embroidered white frock. "My pretty little darling, did its Pea-nut leave it all alone with a stranger in a strange land, where Killchristians go about scalping little babies, my sugar? I will never leave it alone again as long as I live, or leastways as long as we stay in this land, where Killchristians cut and hew at babies! Suppose he had cut off its precious little finger or toe? What would its Pea-nut have done?" Then turning impatiently to her mistress, she said:

"Ma'am, you don't seem to care at all now about that wild beast of a Killchristian rushing in upon little Lenny like a North American Indian with a drawn knife and scalping off his hair. Suppose it had been his precious nose or his ears that the savage took a fancy to? But it's my belief after all he was a thief and wanted to sell Lenny's pretty golden curls to a lady's hair-dresser; and he would have cut all the curls off his head if he hadn't heard me coming. Wish I had caught him at his tricks! Never mind, let me ever catch him near little Lenny again, that's all! Lenny will be certain to know him again, if I do not!"

"You will know him, Pina; but you do not know of whom you are speaking. The gentleman who cut off Lenny's curl had a perfect right to do so. Lord Killcrichtoun is Mr. Alexander Lyon, or was so until he got his ancestor's title. Why should you be so astonished? Didn't you know that he was in London."

"Yes, ma'am," said Pina, unable to recover from her astonishment; "but London is a biggish willage, and I didn't expect to see him, much less hear him called Killchristian. Howsever, I think, begging of your pardon, ma'am, as the name suits him very well. 'Deed it's much of a muchness with the other name, for I reckon as lions kills christians, and eats 'em too, whenever they get a chance!"

"Pina, you hurt me when you speak in that way of Lenny's father." (A less gentle spirit would have said to her servant "you *offend* me." But Drusilla had much more tenderness than dignity in her nature and manners.)

"I am sorry, ma'am. Indeed, ma'am, I would rather bite off the end of my tongue than let it say anything to hurt you," replied Pina.

"Now notice then, my good girl. It may happen that you may see Mr. Lyon some time when you are out with little Lenny. If you should, you must not avoid him. On the contrary, take the child to him. It will be good to promote affection between the child and his father."

"I will do as you say, ma'am."

Drusilla then went into the parlor to join her friends at dinner. But she said nothing of Lenny's adventure.

"This evening," said General Lyon, "we go to old classic Drury Lane. And to-morrow for the Derby."

Drusilla's heart beat—but her only, or at least her chief object in going to the Derby was not to see the great race, but to see perhaps—her beloved husband.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WOMAN.

Woman, dear woman, in whose name
  Wife, sister, mother, meet;
Thine is the heart by earliest claim,
  And thine its latest beat.

In thee the angel-virtues shine,
  An angel's form to thee is giv'n;
Then be an angel's office thine,
  And lead the soul to heav'n.

From thee we draw our infant strength,
  Thou art our childhood's friend;
And when the man unfolds at length,
  On thee his hopes depend.

For round the heart thy power has spun
  A thousand dear, mysterious ties;
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
  And nurse it for the skies.

W. H.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

Godfrey Fenton arrived late one evening at the Ocean House, and took possession of a room which a friend had secured for him. He could not go out to the Glades that night, so after resting an hour, he made a careful toilette, and went into the ball-room to see who among the lingerers at Newport were known to him.

That letter which it had cost Inez so much to write had never been received by him, so he was in blissful ignorance of all that had lately happened at the Glades. He had left Quebec before its arrival—had travelled rapidly through Nova Scotia, and taken a steamer at Halifax for Boston. From there he came by rail to Newport to visit Inez before setting out for his Southern home.

Fenton was joyously happy in the prospect of so soon meeting the only girl he had ever truly loved; he was full of animation and gay hopes, and never had he looked more magnificently handsome than when he lounged carelessly into the Vanity Fair in which he was wont to play so conspicuous a part.

The first person Fenton encountered was a young Mississippian, nearly connected with himself, whose presence there filled him with surprise. He eagerly stretched forth his hand to grasp the one extended to him, and exclaimed:

"You here, Denham! How did you come to stray so far from your native shades? I thought you were so much of a Southerner that you never intended to patronize a Yankee watering-place. I own that I am surprised to find you at Newport."

The young man to whom he spoke was dark, earnest-looking, with a most interesting, though not regularly handsome face. He was slender and graceful in person, with that distingué air which is more important to one of his sex than mere beauty of feature. He smiled faintly, as he replied:

"Nor would you have seen me here now if my own wishes alone had been consulted. I came with my sister who was in precarious health, and her physician thought that the air of this place, combined with sea-bathing, might restore her. I am happy to say that his prediction has been verified, and Anna is so nearly well that we are thinking of leaving next week. You will be coming South soon, I suppose, now that autumn is approaching."

"Well, yes, perhaps. I do not know; my movements are very uncertain. I shall wait here for letters from home. But I am very glad to hear that Anna is here with you."

Denham gave him a searching glance, but he carelessly said:

"I suppose that you would hardly linger here longer than absolutely necessary when such an attraction awaits you at home. I saw Mr. Hasting's family first before I left Mississippi, and Opal was looking her loveliest."

Fenton only said:

"Ah, indeed! I am happy to hear it."

Denham gave him another inquiring glance, and then said:

"By the way, speaking of Opal reminds me that there is a young lady here who always makes me think of her. They are alike, and not alike, if you can understand that; one is a simple child-woman, with her heart upon her lips; the other a practised woman of the world, who knows how to allure the shyest bird into her nest. She is a study to an observer like myself, and I think she is a unique specimen of the sex."

"Ah, indeed! I should like to see this *rara avis* you have discovered. I pretend to be a connoisseur in women, you know, and something original in that line always piques my curiosity. Can you point her out to me?"

"Yes, presently. She is waltzing now with the young New Yorker it is said she is going to marry. They will whirl this way in a few moments, and I think you may recognize her yourself from her resemblance to Miss Hastings."

A disagreeable recollection of a face that he too had thought like Opal's came to Fenton, but he mentally said:

"*She* can never be here playing the part of a belle, though she might be a very brilliant one if she only had wealth. I hope sincerely that Nina Gordon and I have parted for the last time. It would be very awkward to encounter her just now."

While these thoughts flashed through his mind, the dancers swam before his eager eyes. One bright figure, robed with exquisite taste and skill, came floating through the mazes of the fascinating waltz with the grace and brightness of a sylph. She lifted her eyes for a moment to the superb form of the young Antinous who leaned carelessly against a pillar, and turned them away again as coolly as if the shock of his sudden appearance had not sent an electric thrill through every fibre of her being.

Nina circled on; but when they reached the farthest end of the long ball-room, she said to young Bates, who was her partner:

"Let us sit down and talk. I am tired, and my head aches a little."

He found a seat for her, and smilingly said:

"This is the first time I have heard you complain of fatigue, Miss Gordon. I am really afraid that you are overtasking your strength by waiting as untiringly as you do upon that old lady, who will not be so obliging as to get out of a world in which she has become a supernumerary."

Nina put up her hand deprecatingly.

"Hush, hush, Mr. Bates! pray do not talk so; I cannot permit it. Mrs. Hawks is the best friend I have in the world."

"Not the *best*, Nina," he whispered, "nor, I hope, the dearest. I am glad that you are willing to talk, for I have a great deal to say to you; and, of late, you seem to evade me when I wish to be serious."

"Serious," she repeated, in a mocking tone. "If you begin in that style, I shall take refuge among the dancers again. After being shut up with a dying woman all day, and one whose physical sufferings are often terrible to witness, don't you think I need something at night to cheer my spirits and restore the spring to my nature? No, Mr. Bates, no serious conversation for me, if you please. When I need *that*, I will go to the clergyman my poor old friend has had to pray with her since she grew so much worse."

"You know what I mean, *Belle* Nina," replied Mr. Bates, in a slightly piqued tone. "I think it is time that we understood our true position toward each other. I have written to my father, and so has Kitty. His reply to both of us came to-day, and he is most anxious to welcome you as—as his daughter. Will you pledge yourself positively to me, Nina? You know that I love you more adoringly than any of the suitors who have laid their hearts at your feet. You have given me hope, but not certainty, and that is what I seek now."

"How can I give you certainty till we are actually before the altar? Till the irrevocable words are spoken there is time to recede. That is our American code, you know, and I am intensely national."

She looked up into his face with her bewildering smile; and Mr. Bates was dazzled, though a little angry. He said:

"It is a poor contract that binds but one party, Miss Gordon, and *I* make none such. You hold me in honor bound to you, while you assume the right to cast me off if it should suit you to do so. Is not that what your words imply?"

"I don't know—I am scarcely competent to give an opinion on so grave a subject just now, for my head begins to ache very badly. I can endure the glare in this room no longer. Come on the piazza—let us promenade in the cool night breeze, and I may recover my scattered thoughts sufficiently to satisfy your exacting spirit. I owe an immense debt of gratitude to your family, Mr. Bates; and I do not know why you should think me capable of treating its most important member as badly as you just now hinted I might."

The tone of injured pathos in which she spoke—the confiding manner with which she clung to his offered arm—disarmed her lover; for, by this time, Adolphus Bates had become so completely fascinated by her graceful wiles as to believe himself irrevocably in love with her.

"Forgive me," he murmured, "for doubting you for a moment, but when the whole happiness of my life is at stake, can you blame me for being anxious to secure your promise beyond recall."

"Words are but breath," she replied, with a short laugh that chilled his ardor, "and I think that enough has passed between you and me on this subject to enable us to understand each other perfectly. Pray let us talk of something else. I have had so much love made to me in the last few weeks that [illegible] have been living on a diet of mawkish sweetened water. Not that I place *your* protestations in that category. Ah no—they are the wine of life, Adolphus, and I have quaffed it as the sweetest elixir *my* soul has ever received."

The tremulous softness with which the last words were uttered had the full effect she intended. The flattered lover pressed her arm to his side and whispered:

"Angel of my life, you do well to distinguish me from the rest of your adorers, for I am sincere; I love you for yourself alone, Nina. Before you confided to me the brilliant prospect that is opening before you, I had bowed at your shrine and offered the devotion of my life to the only woman I have ever sought to marry."

"But not before Kitty had betrayed my confidence," thought Nina, but she only smiled up in his face, and said something in reply that seemed to thrill him with happiness. He lifted her hand to his lips, for they were almost alone on the piazza, and they stood in the soft light of the full moon, talking in the low earnest tones so charming to betrothed lovers.

Nina was like a sleek and beautiful cat playing gracefully with the mouse she is torturing to death; and try as he would, Bates could extract from her no pledge more definite than those she had already given him.

We will return to Fenton, who had recognized her with a thrill almost of repulsion, for he remembered their last parting and the fleeting interest with which she had inspired him fled before the humiliating truths Nina had spoken to him in that farewell scene.

But little as Fenton cared for her now, the chilling coolness with which Nina's eyes passed over him and turned away, annoyed him. He had so lately been the ideal of her young heart that his vanity could not endure the conviction that she was already fancy free; that she could cut him as coolly as if they had been no more to each other than ordinary acquaintances.

Denham aroused him from his unpleasant thoughts by asking:

"Did you remark the resemblance I spoke of? I saw Miss Gordon look full at you, and you must have noticed her."

"Yes—the young lady with the Broadway dandy is the one, I suppose. She *is* like Opal, but as you say, the resemblance is only external. That girl has little in common with so pure and unworldly a creature as I know Mr. Hastings's daughter to be."

"You jump to conclusions very rapidly, it seems," replied Denham, with a laugh. "How could you discover all that by a single glance at a pretty face?"

"I did not—I make no pretensions to second sight. I have met with Miss Gordon before to-night; I knew her well in New Haven, and I am deeply mystified as to how she came to be playing the part of a belle at Newport. She was then a music teacher in the Academy in which she had been educated. Who is she here with, pray?"

"With an aunt, or a cousin, I believe. It is some rich relation, I know, who cannot live much longer, and it is whispered that this young lady will inherit from her nearly half a million."

Fenton's lip curled:

"Then Miss Gordon has discovered to whom she belongs. When *I* knew her she was in profound ignorance of her own antecedents. She had been sent to New Haven almost in her infancy; a brilliant education was bestowed on her, and then she was left to fight her own battle with the world. I am glad to hear that her family have owned her at last. What is the name of this aunt?"

"Hawk, or Hawks, I don't know which. The old lady is afflicted with epilepsy, and is almost at her last gasp, it is said. But what ails you, Godfrey? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

Fenton had indeed grown pale to his very lips as he heard the name of Nina's supposed aunt, but he rallied and lightly said:

"Oh, it is nothing. I have not been quite well for a day or two, and the close atmosphere of his room affects me. Let us walk out in the open air."

As they emerged from the door, they saw two figures at the farther end of the piazza, and the young men moved in the opposite direction. They stopped behind the shadow of a pillar, and Denham again spoke of Nina.

"Throughout the day Miss Gordon devotes herself to her aunt, but at night, after the old lady is safely disposed of, she comes forth to charm the hearts of her numerous adorers. I think she is the most consummate flirt I ever saw."

"Does Miss Gordon really presume to pass herself of as the niece of that afflicted lady? Since you named Mrs. Hawks, I am convinced that this young girl is no more related to her than I am. I know something of her family, and I am perfectly certain that Nina Gordon does not belong to it. What motive she can have for passing herself off as one of them, I cannot fathom."

"Of whom are you speaking, Godfrey, and why haven't you come in search of your old friend before this time?" asked a clear, feminine voice close at his elbow.

A slender, dark woman, with black eyes and hair, and a lively, piquant expression, held out her hand to Fenton. The family resemblance to herself and Denham would have proclaimed their near relationship had not Fenton already known her as the sister of his friend. He took her hand, raised it to his lips, and gallantly said:

"I am enchanted to find you here, Mrs. Langley, looking as well and as handsome as ever, though your brother tells me that you have been an invalid."

"Yes; but that is past and gone. I am myself again, thanks to the bracing air of this delightful place. You have lost none of your gallantry, I perceive, Godfrey, for you flatter as deftly as ever. But my curiosity is aroused. Who were you and Guy so gravely discussing when I came out?"

"We were speaking of this brilliant Miss Gordon who has turned the heads of half the young men here," explained her brother. "Fenton knows something of her, and he declares that she is not related to the old lady she claims as her aunt."

"Oh, I have a new chapter of gossip on that subject," was the lively response. "Miss Gordon now appears in quite a new character. She is the adopted daughter of that rich old lady, and will become the heiress to the whole of the fortune."

"How did you learn that, Anna?"

"From the lawyer who made the will. Mr. Manly was an old college friend of my father, and he has been talking with me for the last hour. But he spoke of this affair in confidence, remember, and neither of you must repeat anything about it. He is in a great worry about the will, for he thinks it very unjust. He recognized Miss Gordon among the dancers, and pointed her out to me as the young lady who has achieved such success for herself."

"*Can* this be true?" asked Fenton, in dismay. "How came Nina Gordon with Mrs. Hawks? and how has *she* dared to set aside the claims of her niece in favor of a comparative stranger? Inez Lopez is the legal heiress, and she is far more worthy to succeed to Mrs. Hawks's fortune than this young adventuress can be."

"Fie! Godfrey; do not use such a word as that with reference to any lady," said Mrs. Langley.

"It is the only one I can justly apply to Miss Gordon, cousin Anna," replied Fenton, with [illegible] it is a most iniquitous one, and that half-demented old woman has been cajoled into making it. I know something of this young girl, and I am afraid that she has few scruples concerning any action that may serve her own interests. How, I again ask, did she come to be placed near Mrs. Hawks? Some enemy to her niece must have done it."

"I can tell you nothing as to that; but I am under the impression that she engaged herself to live with Mrs. Hawks as her companion, and in that capacity made herself so agreeable to the old lady that she adopted her, and finally settled her fortune upon her. Are you a friend to Miss Lopez, that you take up her cause so warmly?"

"Yes, I am her friend—one of the few who will stand by her till her cause is righted. I must make an effort to unmask this fair flatterer to Mrs. Hawks. Of course the will can never stand, for the estate comes from the Horton family, and Miss Lopez will be its last representative; but it will be a shame and a disgrace to the memory of her aunt to have such an instrument offered for probate. If I can prevent it, it shall not be done."

Mrs. Langley earnestly regarded him while he spoke in this excited manner. She said:

"You seem deeply interested in this affair, but I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Manly does not agree with you. He thinks the estate must go to Miss Gordon unless a will made by Mrs. Hawks' father not long before his death can be found. The clue to its hiding place has been lost in some inexplicable manner, and if it cannot be recovered, the property devolves to the adopted daughter of the old lady, burdened with an annuity of a thousand a year to the poor girl she has so effectually rivalled. But pray make no use of this information, Godfrey, for Mr. Manly would never have spoken of it had not his mind been so full of it that he could think of little else. Lawyers, you know, do not often speak freely of the affairs of their clients, and Mr. Manly is usually reserved enough; but to-night he could talk of little else than this strange will. As I am unknown to all the parties, and tolerably discreet, I suppose he thought himself quite safe with me."

"Is Mr. Manly the family lawyer?" asked Fenton.

"Yes, I believe so; for he spoke of Mrs. Hawks's father, and referred to business transactions with him previous to his death."

"Then he should be responsible for the missing will, and I shall——"

He stopped abruptly, colored, and, laughing in an embarrassed manner, went on:

"I am deeply interested in this affair, Anna, for I am well acquainted with both these young ladies. I have the highest respect and esteem for Miss Lopez, and if I can serve her in any way I shall endeavor to do it. You need fear no imprudence on my part, however, for I must proceed very cautiously myself if I would succeed in circumventing Nina Gordon. *She* shall never defraud Inez Lopez of her inheritance if I can prevent it; and I will use every possible means to unveil to Mrs. Hawks the duplicity of which I am convinced she has been made the victim."

"You speak very harshly, Godfrey, of this young girl. She is very lovely in person, and all who know her seem fascinated by her. It is strange that you should think so differently of her. How have you learned to know her so well as your words would imply?"

Fenton hesitated a moment, and then, with an embarrassed laugh, replied:

"I don't mind telling you, Cousin Anna, for I know you won't bring me into trouble by talking indiscreetly when you get back home. I knew Miss Gordon while I was in college. I was attracted by her because she reminded me of Opal Hastings; and—well, perhaps I flattered her e than was quite prudent, considering my tion. You understand what I mean."

rs. Langley nodded, and Fenton went on:

I did not intend to mislead her. We talked try and nonsense enough, Heaven knows; I thought she meant no more than I did. It a pretty pastime enough for us both while asted, and might have ended in nothing ous if the young lady had not discovered she was to be left to make her own way in world.

She thought I was rich, and—well, the end the matter was that she rather forced an ex- nation from me. There was a scene, of rse. I said everything I could think of to the her pride, for I do not think that any per feeling was elicited on her part. But showed temper enough to convince me that oever ventures to put her in harness will e a tough time of it holding the reins. I uld not be the fellow to do it, for all the ney she expects to cozen that poor old woman of."

A shadow fell upon the face of Mrs. Langley, d she did not immediately reply. With a sad ile she at length asked:

"Do you expect to become the ruler of your fe when you get one, Godfrey? Any man o starts on his matrimonial journey with that a is very apt to make shipwreck of his do- stic happiness."

"Rule or be ruled is the question, I believe, d I rather think I shall prefer the former."

"Then I would not advise you to marry Opal stings, for she has as decided a will of her n as any young girl I know. She regards rself as your equal, and if you attempt to ke her your slave she will rebel against your thority. You may take my word for it, for I ow her well."

Fenton laughed, and lightly replied:

"Perhaps I shall take your advice, cousin. e tie that binds Opal and myself to each other s not made by ourselves. It is the pet idea my mother and her father to marry us when e is old enough, and we submitted to it while e were too inexperienced to know what would it either of us. We have kept up a fragment- ry correspondence, but there is nothing in her tters that induces me to believe that I am re to her than any other friend. I have ought of her as my future wife, with a vague eling that there was no escape from the en- nglement; but I begin to think a way may be und, and I am convinced that Opal will not re- et the rupture of our childish engagement."

"I do not think she will," said Mrs. Langley, ith a rapidly withdrawn glance toward her rother, who was leaning over the railing ner- ously picking the leaves from a climbing plant ear him, and he was evidently listening with e keenest interest to what was passing be- een Fenton and his sister.

"I am glad that you confirm my own impres- ions," said Fenton, with some eagerness. He used abruptly, and Mrs. Langley impressively plied:

"Opal Hastings is a noble, pure, and highly fted creature; she is far too sensitive and gh-toned to be given away at the bidding of y one. Yet her father thinks that he can con- ol the springs of her nature, and mould her stiny to suit himself. Unless she and you ve each other with all the strength of heart, nd soul of which you are capable, you had bet- r risk the severest displeasure of your mother an take her hand in yours as that of your wed- d wife."

"A second Daniel come to judgment," cried enton, almost gleefully; "you but echo the nvictions of my own heart, Anna, and I listen your voice as if an oracle had spoken. I [illegible] my difficulties to you since I was a little fellow, and [illegible] coming upon me. I am strongly tempted to tell u what a dilemma I find myself placed in ow."

"I scarcely think that you could do better, Godfrey. Let us promenade together, and leave George to dream poetic fancies beneath the light of the moon, while you lay bare your heart to me. You know of old that I will give you the best advice of which I am capable."

He at once offered his arm, and they moved slowly away, earnestly talking together.

Mrs. Langley was ten years older than Fenton; she was the niece of his step-father, had married most unhappily, and was divorced from her husband on the ground of incompatibility of temper. A high-spirited and brilliant woman, she would not submit to the yoke a mean and tyrannical spirit sought to impose upon her, and thus it will be seen that her own bitter experience in the matrimonial lottery dictated the advice she had so lately given to Fenton.

It had been the habit of his life to confide his difficulties to her, and he now frankly confessed the exact position in which he stood to the two who claimed his troth. She listened with absorbing interest, and when she found herself in possession of all he had to tell, she said:

"I think that you are bound in honor to release Opal from a tie that can only make you both miserable. If I understand you aright, your heart has been irrevocably given to this young Cuban."

"True; I adore Inez. I never loved any other woman as I love her. But if her Aunt disinherits her, how am I to marry her? She will have a mere pittance, and I have, as you know, very little independent of my mother. She would never forgive me for disappointing her in an affair on which her heart has so long been set, and she would cut me off without a dollar."

Mrs. Langley looked grave, but she presently said:

"I begin to take the deepest interest in Miss Lopez. That will must be recovered, for it will secure her aunt's fortune to her. You shall then marry her, Godfrey, and the way will be clear for somebody that will suit Opal far better than you could. I will give you confidence for confidence, and tell you that my brother has loved Opal since she was a little girl in short frocks and pantalettes. Guy has been too honorable to betray his passion, knowing as he did the family arrangement that existed between my aunt and her father; but now it is different."

A disagreeable sensation struck on the heart of the listener. *He* might resign Opal Hastings if it suited him to do so, but that *she* should readily find another to fill the place in her fancy he believed he had so long occupied, inflicted a wound upon his all-absorbing vanity.

Fenton had long thought of her as one set apart for his own peculiar self whenever he should condescend to speak the word which would bring her to his arms as the sweet minister of happiness to his future life, and the thought that young Denham of all men should win her heart, was displeasing to him. In a constrained tone, he replied:

"It seems ungenerous to object to the course you indicated, Anna; but until my fate is definitely settled here, I must not offend my mother by breaking with Opal. It would ruin me at once."

"Oh, set your heart at rest on that score, for Opal alone shall know that she is free. The dénouément can be deferred so far as my aunt is concerned, as it is not expected that you shall marry for a year yet. Opal is too young; and her father intends to employ an accomplished governess for her this fall."

There was something in her tone that silenced Fenton's objections, though a flush of annoyance burned on his cheeks as he replied:

"I will leave it to your own discretion, then, to reveal to Opal or to withhold from her what I have confided to you, as you may think best. The night air grows chilly,—had you not better go in? I am afraid to detain you longer lest your health should suffer from it."

"Which hint means that you are tired of my prosing," she replied, laughing; "so *allons*, if you please. Be sure that I shall do nothing to compromise you with your mother, Godfrey; and if I can aid you in any way in your efforts to serve the cause of Miss Lopez, you may command me."

"Thanks. I shall remember, and perhaps I shall call upon you for assistance. Here is Guy coming to meet us, so I will surrender you to his protection."

With a nod and a smile, Mrs. Langley took the arm of her brother, and bidding Fenton good-night, they entered the house together.

Not a word was spoken between them till Mrs. Langley's apartment was gained and the door closed. She then took his hand in hers, and looking into his dark, expressive face, said:

"The way to happiness is at last open before you, Guy. There can now be nothing wrong in your seeking the love you have so long regarded as the sweetest boon that life can bestow upon you. You have heard what Godfrey said!"

"Yes," he bitterly replied, "I heard the vain coxcomb give an account of his flirtation with that young girl, and allude to his attachment to another, while he still holds a third one bound to him in such a way as to prevent others from interfering with claims on which he evidently sets no value. To think that Opal—*my* Opal—the darling of my life, should be *his* to accept or reject as may suit his capricious fancy. Oh! it is too humiliating! Yet I thank him for his fickleness; for, as you say, it opens a glimpse of heaven to me. I can win her love—I know that I can, for she trusts me—she has confidence in my truth and honor, and so help me Heaven! they shall never fail her."

His face grew luminous, his lips trembled, and his sister laid her hand on his burning one, and said:

"Don't be too hard on Godfrey, brother. I will tell you enough to enable you to see the position you occupy toward each other."

Denham sat down and listened with vivid interest. At the close of the conference he arose and decisively said:

"Whatever ending Fenton's affair may come to with Miss Lopez, all is over between him and Opal Hastings. He shall not have the opportunity to play fast and loose with her as he pleases. I shall take care of that."

"Of course. You are free to act now, regardless of what Aunt Gertrude may think. Well may Godfrey dread her anger; for it will be something terrible when the conviction comes to her that the cherished dream of her life is to meet with no fruition. We cannot leave Newport as soon as we intended, Guy. I must see the play out here."

"There is no necessity for an immediate return. We can remain a month longer if you find it best to do so. I shall be glad myself to know something positive as to Fenton's future prospects before I go away. I intend to make the acquaintance of that Miss Gordon, and something shall come of it, so good-night."

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the following morning Fenton breakfasted with Denham and his sister, and after approving of the change in their plans, he set out for the Glades to visit Inez, and learn from her all the facts concerning her prospective loss of the inheritance he had believed certain to fall to her on the death of Mrs. Hawks.

He rode swiftly till he came in sight of the old place, and then slacking his rein, he permit- [illegible] to move leisurely toward the entrance while the rider scanned the door and windows, hoping to obtain a glimpse of the Egeria of the spot.

Fenton was familiar with the habits of Mr. Lopez, and he felt sure that he had arrived at too early an hour to find him awake, so he should have Inez to himself for a long tête-à-tête. As he drew near the portico, he saw a white-robed figure sitting in the hall, with a brindled cat reposing near her feet in the sunshine that fell through the open door. Inez held a book in her hand, but she was not reading it, for her head was thrown back, and her large, melancholy eyes were fixed on vacancy.

She did not hear the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the soft turf, and Fenton had dismounted, and gained the door before she was aware of his approach. He stretched forth his arms, his face glowing with love and rapture, as his lips unclosed to say:

"Inez, my angel—my life! Come to my heart. Oh! blessed hour of reunion, this repays me for all the weary days of absence from the light of my soul."

In the bewildering impulse of the moment, Inez forgot all she had been told, and she threw herself upon his breast with a glad cry of welcome.

"Oh, Godfrey, my love—my own—how glad I am to see you again!"

For a brief moment she was lost in the trance of happiness that held her spell-bound as he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her again and again, as he had never before been permitted to do.

But suddenly she recalled her scattered senses; she remembered the wretched days of doubt and suspense through which she had lately passed, and the flush his ardent caresses had brought to her cheeks faded to a death-like paleness; she struggled to release herself from his embrace as she faltered:

"This must not be, Mr. Fenton. I was foolish—weak to forget that you can have no right to approach me thus while a doubt of your truth is in my heart. Remove your arm from my waist, if you please; you have not replied to my last letter, and until you have removed painful doubts from my mind, I must treat you as a stranger."

"Mr. Fenton," he repeated. "What does this mean, Inez? Am I not your own Godfrey, as you are my plighted wife? I have no letter from you that I have not immediately replied to. Who has been slandering me to you while I was away and could not defend myself?"

By this time Fenton had relaxed his hold upon her, and she slid from his embrace panting and ashamed, but still as pale as a statue of snow. He saw that she had suffered much—that she had grown thin and wan-looking, and he comprehended that a blow had been struck to her heart of which he was the cause.

Fenton ground his teeth together as he mentally exclaimed:

"Nina Gordon has been here! This is her work, but I will yet repay her, the incarnate mischief that she is."

He gently placed Inez on the seat from which she had sprung on his entrance, and drawing another beside it, sat down and looked searchingly in her face.

Inez was trembling with excitement, and for a few moments she was incapable of speaking. Fenton took her hand in his own, kissed it with respectful tenderness again and again, and she had no power to withdraw it from his clasp.

At length he spoke in that deep, musical voice which she believed would have power to recal her from the verge of the grave itself:

"Inez, darling, best beloved, why do I find you thus when I anticipated nothing but joy in our meeting? Speak to me, love. Tell me what has occurred to dim your trust in me? What was in that letter of which you spoke? I have travelled rapidly to get near you again, and it has failed to reach me. Tell me now, face to face, and see how easily I can scatter every cloud from your mind."

She eagerly drank in his words; the old spell was upon her, and life and light seemed to return with his beloved presence. A faint flush tinged her cheeks, and her lips unclosed at his bidding:

"Oh, Godfrey, I have been so unhappy, but now you are here I half forget the cause of my wretchedness; it seems to sink away from me at the mere sound of your voice. Yet—yet it must be told. You are accused of having sought me while bound to another. Are you not betrothed to a young girl in your far distant home? Such is the story I have heard, and, I am afraid, believe."

"So my precious little wife, (for you are pledged to become such, you know, Inez,) has been listening to some treacherous tongue which has poisoned her mind against me. Tell me the whole story, love, and see how quickly I will remove every doubt from your mind. I am *not*, with my own consent, betrothed to any one save your own sweet self, and I never intend to marry any other woman. My mother has had some absurd plan to unite me with a young favorite of her own, but I have no intention of sacrificing myself to a whim of hers. As to being bound to Opal Hastings, I assure you that we are both free to choose whom we please; for she is scarcely more than a child yet. and cares no more for me than I do for her."

"Can you forgive me, Godfrey? I should have cast this foul slander from me, and treated it with the scorn it merited; but oh! where much love is given the heart is jealous and exacting, and I—I—oh, Godfrey! I did not know how much you are to me till that cruel girl came hither and told me, with such an air of truth, that you were false—that your exacting vanity led you to woo and win every foolish girl that pleased your fancy, although you were not free to give your hand to any one of them."

"And to whom am I indebted for this fine character, Inez?" he asked, smiling down into the eloquent eyes lifted to his face, now without a cloud of fear or mistrust.

"To one who has done me another wrong, Godfrey, for she has won upon my aunt till she has induced her to make her will in her favor, leaving me but a small annual sum from her large fortune. Nina Gordon told me what I have repeated to you, and she accuses you of having been her lover; she declares that she had from your own lips the assurance that you would have preferred her to all the women in the world, if she had only been endowed with wealth."

Fenton's lip curled scornfully, and he defiantly replied:

"So that scorpion has tried to infuse her venom into your heart, my precious darling; but her sting shall recoil on herself. I will tell you the truth, Inez, and you shall judge me by it. I knew Nina Gordon when I was in college; I admired her beauty, was interested by her conversational powers. She thought me wealthy; and, when she discovered her mistake, she grew bitter toward me. Our flirtation ended in a quarrel, and she vowed then to avenge herself upon me should the opportunity ever arrive. She has availed herself of the first one, regardless of truth. I *did* speak to her of the slight tie that binds me to Opal Hastings, because I wished her to understand that I had no serious intentions toward herself. As to the assertion of my preference for her, I am ready to disprove it by marrying you, although she holds in her own grasp the fortune that should have been yours. Look me clearly in the eyes, Inez, and tell me that you believe me."

She lifted the snowy lids which had fallen beneath his ardent gaze, returned his look of passionate love, and the happy smile of perfect trust trembled on her lips as they murmured:

"I believe you, Godfrey, as I believe in the perfect peace that Heaven can bestow and I love you more dearly than ever."

The ruby lips were sealed with a kiss, and Inez drew herself back, blushing rosy red at last, for the chilling spell was lifted from her heart and again her young blood bounded through her veins with all its old buoyancy.

Fenton possessed himself of her hand, and, after a pause to allow her to recover her composure, he softly said:

"And now, having made my peace with the fair arbiter of my fate, I must entreat that she will give me a precise account of all that has happened since Miss Gordon invaded the sanctuary of her family, bringing with her discord and sowing dissensions where peace had formerly dwelt."

Thus entreated, Inez commenced with the introduction of Nina to her aunt through the agency of the Bates family, and gave Fenton an exact account of all that had since happened, including her own visit to Oakland and the singular confirmation her father's vision had received—though it had resulted in no benefit to her own fortunes.

Her lover listened with eager interest, and, when she finished, he thoughtfully said:

"There was a will, Inez. Manly, the lawyer of your grandfather, says so; but, through some carelessness on his part, it has been lost. Your father's advertisement has brought no result as yet?"

"No; there has hardly been time. It only appeared in the paper a few days ago; but I hope very little from it. I shall have a thousand a year, Godfrey,—this place belongs to papa—so we shall not be absolutely poor."

Fenton could have smiled at their different estimates of life. To him, with his magnificent tastes, his habitual self-indulgence, the sum seemed almost contemptible. His mother allowed him three times the amount, and, at the end of the year, he was always in arrears.

But he did not stop to weigh these things now. He was passionately in love with Inez; the chances still remained to her of becoming the eventual possessor of her grandfather's estate; and Fenton was willing to risk something on them. He thought that he would extort a compromise from Nina Gordon, if Mrs. Hawks persisted in her infatuation to the last; though it should be his care to show that deluded old lady of what metal Nina was really made before death placed its irrevocable seal on her unjust act.

So he glanced cheerfully around the desolate looking hall, and on the neglected lawn spread before the door, looking even more forlorn than usual in the gorgeous light of the summer morning, and smilingly replied:

"No—we shall not be poor, Inez. We shall be rich in love and entertainment; and I have a few hundreds of my own to add to our material income—enough at least to lift me above dependence on my wife. What a charming Eden we can make of this place, love, and for my part, I know that I shall be so happy here with you that I would not be willing to exchange my Eve for any other woman on the whole earth."

"And I know that my Adam will be as much to me as the first man was to the companion that God created expressly for him."

"As I believe he created you for me," replied the happy lover, forgetful in that moment of everything in heaven or earth but the fair creature who hung on his words entranced and showed in every expression of her speaking face how utterly her hopes of earthly happiness were bound up in him.

Fenton would not look to future possibilities; he hugged to his heart the present joy in all its fulness;—he loved—he was beloved. That should suffice for the passing hour, let future events mould themselves as they would.

So the moments fled away in the most delicious interchange of thoughts and feelings, and Inez brightened into new life beneath his inspiring words and glances.

In those golden moments she was crowned with the halo of perfect happiness a queen over all earth holds that is most sweet and enchanting to the human heart.

The lovers wandered together in the woodland, and Inez moved beneath the stately old trees the goddess of love, youth and beauty. Intoxicated by the soul charm of her presence, Fenton thought that even loss of fortune could never induce him to relinquish the hope of calling her his own.

Through all her after life Inez remembered that morning as the brightest she had known. The love she had vainly tried to conquer sprang to new and stronger life beneath the tender glances and earnest protestations of her lover, and not a cloud of doubt or mistrust remained to dim the radiance of her happiness.

While it lasted it was as perfect as a dream of Heaven, and she anticipated no awakening from the delicious delusion in which she moved, spoke and acted with the freedom of an innocent nature which, knowing no guile itself, could not be made to believe that it existed in the heart of the man she so adoringly loved.

The lovers were recalled from that enchanted dream by a message from Mr. Lopez, informing them that he was ready and impatient to welcome Fenton to his home again. Together they approached the house, beaming with love and happiness, and her father, who had been removed to the hall, saw that peace had been made between them.

Mr. Lopez seized the hand of the young man when he entered, and heartily pressing it, cried out in joyful tones:

"You are as welcome to this lonely house, Godfrey, as the sun is to the flowers. Inez has drooped without you, and I have missed you every hour of the day since you left us. My daughter has had some jealous fancies put into her head by a tattling mischief-maker, but I see that you have made it all right with her. I knew it would be so, and I told Inez it was all nonsense. The other girl is only furious because she can't secure you herself, and hoped to ruin you with the one you prefer to herself. Eh? Is not that the way of it now, my boy?"

Fenton laughed and glanced mischievously at Inez.

"Perhaps there was something in that, sir. The person to whom you refer did not like the idea of a rival, although she never cared much for me herself. I have explained that flirtation to Inez, and she is satisfied that I have done no wrong either to herself or Miss Gordon."

"Yes—yes; I understand. So magnificent looking a fellow as you are cannot be expected to escape having a few such affairs of the fancy before the right one comes along to take the heart by storm. I feel sure that Inez has done the last, for I am too keen an observer to be deceived about the genuineness of a man's love for the girl he prefers above all others. I shall bestow my daughter on you without a doubt as to your entire worthiness of so inestimable a gift."

With graceful warmth Fenton replied:

"I scarcely know how to thank you sufficiently for that promise, Mr. Lopez. You do me but justice, and I am most happy to receive this expression of your confidence in me. Only give Inez to me as my wife, and we shall be happy together; we love each other truly and exclusively, and on no other foundation can wedded happiness be built."

"How—how eloquently he talks!" exclaimed Mr. Lopez, exultingly. "No wonder that he carries everything before him. My dear Godfrey, I think you are a grand man, and a most disinterested one, for of course Inez has told you of the jeopardy her inheritance is in. Nina Gordon has done much more than poison the mind of your betrothed against you, for she has actually found means to rival my daughter with that stupid old aunt of hers. What do you think of that now?"

"I think it a most iniquitous proceeding, but one that is quite in Miss Gordon's line. She can do what few women would undertake, but sharp as she is, she may meet with more than her match yet. Although I would gladly take Inez without a dollar, I will not stand by and see her defrauded of her grandfather's estate when I feel almost sure that I can find means to convince Mrs. Hawks of the heartlessness and cupidity of the girl she has taken so suddenly to her heart."

The eyes of Lopez grew brilliant, and he eagerly exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear boy, if you *can* do this—if you will only undertake to do it, you will give me new life."

"I shall certainly make the attempt, and I think I shall succeed. Besides, we have two strings to our bow, my dear sir. I have the hope that the deed of which you so strangely dreamed may be recovered. I was told last night, in confidence however, that such a thing actually existed, and Manly, the lawyer of old Mr. Horton, lamented its loss to a friend of mine. If you will empower me to act for you, I will call on him to-day and relate to him the mysterious warning you had of its place of concealment."

Lopez listened in great excitement. He cried out:

"Heaven has sent you to our assistance, Godfrey; for, crippled as I am, with no friends near me on whom I could rely, I could do little toward protecting the interests of my daughter. But now they are identified with yours, and you, with your clear head and prompt action, can accomplish a great deal toward seeing her righted. I will give you *carte blanche* to act for us both, certain that in so doing, everything that *can* be done *will* be done."

"You do me but justice, dear sir; and now that this is settled, let us talk over the whole affair quietly, that I may fully understand every point that is necessary to enable me to serve you intelligently."

Inez had glided away to superintend the luncheon of which her lover was to partake, and in the interval of her absence, Mr. Lopez gave as clear a statement of his daughter's position with reference to her grandfather's inheritance, as was possible for one whose faculties were in a chronic state of haziness, caused by the drug from the influence of which he was never entirely free.

This statement, and the one previously given to Fenton by Inez, afforded him a clear idea of the present state of affairs, and his course of action was rapidly decided on. In return for the confidence of Mr. Lopez, he sketched his own programme, and the paralytic was delighted with the promise of success it afforded, provided it could only be carried out.

Of his ability to do so, the sanguine young lover would not permit himself to doubt, and both were in the gayest spirits when a table was placed in front of Mr. Lopez's chair, and Nora came in, bearing a tray filled with such delicacies as Inez knew would be most acceptable to the fastidious palate of her betrothed.

The repast was served on rare old china, which was an heir-loom in the Lopez family, and they quaffed their milk from goblets of cut-glass, through which the light shimmered in a thousand prismatic hues.

As Lopez lifted the innocent fluid to his lips, he said, with a faint sigh:

"These were made for rare Falernian or Lachryma Christi, and not for the common farm produce which is all we can now afford to drink from them. But I hope it will not always be so, Godfrey. When we have played our play out and won the stakes, we shall once more be able to afford good wine for our friends."

"This delicious milk is much to be preferred, my dear sir, and I am sure it is better for the health. I rarely take wine, except at dinner, and then a very moderate portion. Young blood needs no such stimulant, and I shall make little trial of its power to enliven the heart of man till age begins to chill the fire that is within me, and custom has staled the things that now bring only unalloyed pleasure to me. I enjoy life too supremely to permit my brain to be dimmed and my digestion disordered by the habitual use of alcohol in any shape. But once in my life have I been intoxicated, and I suffered then such anguish of body and mind, that it effectually cured me of all fondness for maudlin pleasures."

Lopez regarded him with a sigh of envy. That strong and perfect organization needed no artificial stimulant to keep the heart buoyant, the pulses always at an equable beat; but he thought it had always been different with himself. The taint of melancholy was in his blood, and it afforded him some feeble apology for the courses which had ended in making him the miserable wreck he was.

Inez listened to the avowal of her lover in half incredulous dismay. She impulsively exclaimed:

"Oh, Godfrey! I could not have believed that *you* have ever succumbed to such a temptation, even once in your life."

Fenton laughed at the dolorous tone of her voice, and hastened to explain:

"You need have no fear of the recurrence of the folly, Inez, for it happened years ago, when I was but a boy. I was dining at the house of a friend, in which drinking was the habit of both master and guests. Liquors of different kinds were pressed on me, and I, willing to be initiated in what I considered manly, accepted them. The result was what my tempters expected. I was carried from the table in a helpless condition and put to bed; but I became so ill that my mother had to be sent for, and a physician remained with me all night. Since that experience, I have been convinced that to a person of perfectly sound organization no worse poison can be offered than ardent spirits. I found out what a great drunk is, and I do not think that I shall ever try it again."

"I am quite sure you will not." And the sweet smile came to her lips, the soft light to her eyes again, and Fenton sunned himself in it with a far more joyous feeling than the rarest old wine could have awakened.

They lingered long over their luncheon, talking together with that freedom from formal restraint which is only felt among friends who have perfect confidence in each other. Fenton made himself even more charming than usual to both father and daughter, and the sun was beginning to sink in the west before he arose to leave them.

"I would not go now," he said, "but business must be thought of before pleasure. I shall seek Mr. Manly at once, and perhaps between us we can strike out a plan to recover the lost will. I have reason to know that he is dissatisfied with the disposition Mrs. Hawks has made of her property, and I think he will aid me to restore Inez to her rights in every way possible."

He pressed the hand of Mr. Lopez; kissed his daughter again in his presence; and mounting his horse, rode away. Inez stood in the doorway watching his receding figure till her father spoke:

"I told you so, Inez. Godfrey is the noblest fellow living, and true as steel. He will do for us what we cannot do for ourselves, and you will owe the restoration of your fortune to the man you love."

"God grant that it may be so," replied his daughter, fervently. "I do believe in Godfrey, papa, and I trust him more implicitly than ever. The last few weeks seem like a nightmare of horror to me; you do not know how much I have suffered; but, thank Heaven! it is over, and I can only blame myself for mistrusting the noblest and truest gentleman that lives."

"You do well to trust him, my dear; for if ever a man truly loved a woman, Fenton loves you. He will marry you whether you inherit your aunt's fortune or not, and that is something for an heiress to be sure of, if you should turn out to be one. Where is Don Bobtail? It is strange that he never fondles around Godfrey as he does around you and me. What has become of the creature?"

"Godfrey has an aversion to cats, papa, and he never pets the Don, though he is always kind to him. Shall I call him to you?"

"Yes—you will be dreaming of your lover, and not thinking enough of your game to interest me at chess this afternoon, so I will excuse you, and amuse myself with the cat and a book. Put the last novel on the table, and then you may follow your own devices for a few hours."

Grateful to him for his thoughtfulness, Inez placed the book within his reach, and then went in pursuit of Don Bobtail. She found him lying in the window of her own room sleeping in the sun, but at the sound of her voice he gravely arose, stretched himself, and marched majestically into the hall. He sprang into his master's lap and coiled himself up, occasionally lifting a paw and patting the hand that held the book as an assurance of affection.

Inez strutted out beneath the shadows of the trees, and walked through the same scenes that Fenton and herself had loitered among that morning, recalling every inflexion of his voice, and yielding herself more utterly to the absorbing influence he had gained over her than she had even done in his presence.

She bowed her head at last and fervently prayed for forgiveness for so wildly loving a creature of human mould, while the love of the Creator was comparatively dim in her heart, but the cry of her spirit was:

"Oh, Father! if I have sinned in this, punish me—not by snatching from me the idol around whom all my hopes have wound themselves. I cannot live without him,—no, no!—I must cling to him even in death, for the fiat that separates us must bring doom to me!"

Poor, trusting child! she dreamed not of anything short of death as now possessing the power to sever two so solemnly affianced to each other as she and Fenton were. It did not occur to Inez that it was within the bounds of possibility that *he* would ever recede from his plighted vows; and, as to herself, she could have no doubts.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Intellectual Culture.

A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in these hours, for want of innocent resources are now impelled to course and brutal pleasure. How many young men can be found in this city, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven in the long dull evening of winter to haunts of intemperance, and depraving society.

PLEASING EVERYBODY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

A haggard, pale and wretched man
Once I met,
Which from that day to this I can
Ne'er forget;—
Clothed in garb of sundry dyes,
Cut in every shape and size—
Low and plaintive were his cries—
Shunning everybody.

"Friend," said I, "pray tell to me
All thy woes!
Surely I would comfort thee
At life's close."
"Ah," said he, "the die is cast—
All my cheerful hopes are past;
Now I must give up at last
Pleasing everybody.

"When I first began my labors,"
Said the man,
"Then to try and please my neighbors
I began;
But I've led a sorry race—
Owning now no resting-place,
Save the short six feet of space
Due to everybody.

"If you try to please mankind
As you go,
Plenty of labor you will find
Here below.
First a hit and then a miss,
Sometimes No and Sometimes Yes—
A little of that, a little of this,
Pleasing everybody.

"Should the world declare you wrong,
Never heed;
If your cause is true and strong,
Sow your seed.
On life's stage act well your part,
Serve your God with honest heart;
But give over, from the start,
Pleasing everybody!"

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XIV.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A SQUALL.—A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

We got Mr. Drake below, and put him into his bunk; and there he remained until after noon. As we were coming out from his state-room, Capt. Matthews staggered out into the cabin, with Mr. Colver holding on upon one of his arms. He was pale and thin, and looked the very picture of Death, as I had seen that dark spirit painted in an allegorical piece which my father brought home with him from one of his European voyages. His cheeks were sunken and the skin was bloodless, but the eyes were bright and fierce, glaring like balls of fire, and his hair seemed to have started up about his head like the quills upon a porcupine.

"My dear Captain," cried Mr. Long, hurrying to his side, and taking him by the other arm, "you have no cause for alarm. Everything is safe, sir, perfectly safe. My God, sir! you ought to consider. Go back to your bunk!"

It is impossible to tell what the commander might have done if he had been stronger; but, as it was, his strength had entirely failed him, and Long's sudden exclamation had been caused by his sinking almost to the floor before they could hold him up; so he suffered himself to be conveyed back to his bunk; and, when he had been placed upon his mattress, he looked up into his boatswain's face with such prayerful entreaty that Long at once understood his meaning, and resolved to tell him the truth.

"Dear Captain," he said, "we did come very near running upon the rocks this morning, but we got the ship off without the least damage in the world. You know how it must have happened, sir; but it sha'n't happen again. I give you my word for that."

The captain was about to utter bitter imprecations upon the head of Mr. Drake, when Jo. stopped him.

"You won't blame him so much, sir, when you come to know all. Poor fellow! he was well nigh run down. For eight-and-forty hours, sir, he had hardly closed his eyes. I don't think he meant to drink too much, sir."

At this point the captain turned his head and closed his eyes, and Long hurried on deck.

At noon, Long and I had the good fortune to get a clear observation of the sun, and we found the ship so far south that it was deemed safe to put her upon a westerly course. About an hour afterwards, Mr. Drake came on deck, pale and wan, and quivering at every joint. He went to the weather quarter-rail and cast his eyes over the horizon, and then he looked towards me and beckoned me to come to him.

"Beck.," he said, like a man who had just awakened from a frightful dream, "did I come on deck this morning?"

"Yes, sir," I told him.

"What did I see?"

He laid his hand upon my shoulder and gazed earnestly into my eyes, and then repeated:

"What did I see, Beck.?"

"You saw the old ship just clawing away from the rocks, sir!"

He let go my shoulder, and carried his hand to his brow; and, after standing so half a minute or more, he turned and went to the cook's galley, where he asked Bob to make him some strong coffee, and to bring it down into the cabin. Jo. Long saw him as he turned aft, and spoke to him.

"Jock.," he said, good-naturedly, "I know how you feel, and I know what you want. A good hot rum toddy won't hurt you. You can——"

But Drake stopped him.

"No, no, Jo. I'll die first! Until Captain Matthews and Charley Sanborn are both on watch again not another drop passes my lips—not even to save life. That's sworn to, if there's a God in Heaven."

By that time most of the crew had come to the gangway, and they heard the mate's last words; and Wallace Farwell, without stopping for reflection, went up and slapped him upon the shoulder.

"Mr. Drake," he said, "there is no use in trying to dodge the fact that ye came mighty nigh to sendin' the whole of us to Davy Jones; but it's all come out right, and we don't lay nothin' up agin ye, old fellow. So now just go ahead and keep yer weather eye clear, an' we'll stand by ye to the last."

Upon this the crew gave three hearty cheers for their chief mate, and when the poor fellow turned away towards the cabin big tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Mr. Sanborn was on his pins again by the time we reached Cape Town, and within a week after we had entered the Atlantic our captain was once more on deck.

From the Cape of Good Hope we stood well to the Westward, so as to strike the stronger Trade Wind when we entered the tropics; and for three weeks we had variable winds, though the prevailing current was from the Northwest.

One pleasant afternoon—the 28th of January—as I sat upon the hen-coop, which was lashed under the starboard quarter-rail, I happened to cast my eye off to the southward, and noticed a peculiar appearance upon the surface of the water. It was like a fine white scud, and extended east and west as far as my eyes could reach. At first I did not think what it really was, and had turned to direct Gowan's attention in the same direction, when the truth flashed upon me, and starting up from the coop, I cried out:

"There's a squall coming!"

The wind was blowing moderately from north-west, and we were close-hauled upon the starboard tack, heading very near west. If the squall, coming from the southward, should strike us as we were, it would take every thing aback, and be very likely to do some mischief. Capt. Matthews happened to be on deck, and the moment he saw the squall he knew that it would be useless to attempt to shorten sail before we caught it, for it was almost upon us. We might have let go the top-gallant halliards and had the sails clewed up; but that would have only eased the spars at the risk of having the canvas split into ribbons; so he concluded to point his yards to the squall and let it come, being careful to have it strike him abaft the beam.

And it came with a rush. First the wind under which we had been sailing died down, and in a few moments we could hear the roaring and hissing of the squall. Great drops of water, like rain, came driving into our faces, then the herald spray leaped over the deck, and then came the old fellow himself. The ship bowed till her main yard-arm almost touched the water—remained so for full half a minute, then slowly righted—and the squall had gone. Of course the spanker had been brailed up, and the jib and fore staysail hauled down; and beyond this the captain had pointed the yards so nicely that they were just about parallel with the blast. There was an extensive snapping and cracking of loose rigging and sheet-blocks; but no damage was done beyond the ripping of one or two seams in the jib.

I come now to speak of a circumstance that was destined to have an influence upon all my after life. I do not tell the story for the sake of the marvellous; for there may have been nothing marvellous about it; but I tell it simply as it occurred for the purpose of showing——

But never mind what it shows. Let me tell it, and you shall judge for yourself. Touching the facts, there can be no mistake, for I wrote them all down on the very next morning.

On the second day of February I was on the mid-watch—from midnight till four o'clock. During the day, and during the first watch, the wind had been light and baffling, for we had not yet struck the Trades, though we were very near the southern tropic. The men had been kept pretty busy, for the wind was mostly from the northward and westward, and as the wind veered and hauled the yards had to be trimmed to meet it. From midnight until two o'clock the wind seemed bent upon keeping us in motion. The course we wished to make was Northwest. With the wind N.N.E., or W.S.W., we could just hold it; but when the wind hauled in upon us from either of those two points of course it threw us off. Well—for these two hours the wind seemed to take especial pains to traverse that whole section of the compass, the result of which was that we were at the braces continually. At two o'clock, however, the wind lulled for awhile, and when it came again we caught it very lightly from the South-east, and by the time we had got squared away before it, and had everything belayed, it began to freshen until the sheets drew steadily.

"There, my boys," said Sanborn, who had charge of the deck, "I think you may rest awhile. We've crossed the tropic, and I'll bet a whale, and put up a gudgeon to bind the bargain, that we've struck the Trade Wind."

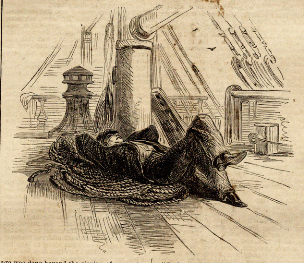
Those who have helped work a ship from the Cape to this point can perhaps judge something of the feelings with which we received this announcement of the mate. To tell us we had struck the Trade Wind was simply to tell us that for weeks to come the ship would sail herself with a man to hold her wheel for her; and as soon as the men of our watch had congratulated each other upon the event, those not on the lookout, or at station, threw themselves down for a nap.

I came from the wheel at two o'clock, and was tired and sleepy; and as soon as I found that I might do so with propriety, I looked me out a comfortable place, and cast myself down. I had selected a place under the fore rigging, on the larboard side, where I made a pillow by placing my soft Scotch cap upon a coil of rope. Those who never slept out of a soft feather-bed know nothing of sweet, extatic sleep. If you would find the man who can tell you from experience what the very height of blissful sleep is, you must seek the soldier who, after the weary march, has sank down upon the bare ground; or the sailor, worn upon the night-watch, who finds opportunity to catch a brief nap upon the soft side of a yellow pine plank.

And so, on this night of the second day of February, in the year 1811, I fell asleep upon the deck of the old *Naumkeag*. I slept awhile, and then I dreamed. I dreamed that I was at home in Malden. I was upon the top of the hill in the pasture behind the house, sitting on a large rock where we children used to "play house," with broken dishes and bits of bread and meat. Upon the ground, under a shelving part of the rock, was a fire-place fashioned from broken bricks and flat stones, where we had roasted potatoes and baked pears and apples. I thought I had been away from home a long time, and had just come back—had come to this place first before going to the old house. And as I sat there, I wondered where my playmates were. Where was my brother Eben! Where was Tom Tucker—the "commodore" we used to call him? And there was one other of whom I thought—a bright-eyed, happy-faced girl, whom I had called EUNISALE! Where was she? It seemed to me that I had come to that place and stopped, in hopes that she would come to me before I went to the "castle."

By and by a strange sadness came over me. It was upon my mind that I had fallen into crime, and had been forced to flee from home, and that I had now crept back to this old play-spot, not daring to expose myself to general gaze; and I wondered if my mother would come out and see me. The sun was just sinking from sight beyond the western horizon, and as I gazed in that direction I saw the old burial-ground, away off by the salt marsh, with its rows of tumbling brick tombs covered with tangled weeds and briars. And I saw the serpentine creek—for the tide was at its flood—where, in other days, I had paddled a canoe, and wondered up and down with my fishing-rod. Anon, a low, rumbling sound fell upon my ear, and over the brow of Green's Hill, beyond the wide-spreading oak, I saw the great white-topped baggage-wagon lumbering on its way out from Boston. It was one of Slocum's wagons, and was bound for Haverhill. And shortly afterwards the stage-coach came rolling along—the same quaint old coach as in the other days—with its high box-seat in front, and another seat to correspond built out upon the rear end of the stage.

The baggage-wagon and the stage-coach disappeared, and the sun went down; and then I thought great clouds rolled up into the heavens, and as the rain commenced to fall I slipped down from my seat and crept under a projecting shelf of the rock. I had crawled in as far out of the way of the rain as I could, and was trying to get myself into a comfortable position, when I heard my name pronounced. It was my mother's voice—my mother speaking to me as plainly as ever I heard her in my life,—and she said to me, in eager frightened tones:



"Becket! Dear Becket! Come out from there! The water has loosened the rock, and it will fall upon you! *Becket!* BECKET!"

I started up—started to my feet. And even as I stood there upon the deck I heard my name called again, and in my mother's voice. It seemed to come from forward, and, hardly knowing what I did, I started towards the bowsprit, where I saw the lookout standing; and just as I was upon the point of speaking to him I heard a crash behind me—a crash that shook the ship from stem to stern. I went back to see what it was, and found it to be a top-block which had fallen from the fore-top. It was a massive block—one of the heaviest on board the ship;—a single block, made thick and broad enough for the passage of a large hawser, with an iron strap, and heavy iron hook, and its large sheave made of solid brass. At Cape Town we had discovered that the hook of this block had a flaw in it, and we sent it on shore there to have it fixed. An English armorer had put on an entire new strap with the hook, and it had been brought on board almost the last thing before we sailed. On the afternoon of this very second day of February Mr. Sanborn had come across that top-block, and had declared that the hook was too large for the eye-bolt in the cap; and to test that matter the block had been sent aloft. It had been found as Sanborn had said, and Jo. Long had taken a file and gone aloft to work the hook down to the proper size. He had got his job partly done when he was called to come on deck; so he took a piece of spun-yarn and lashed it to the topmost rigging, thinking that he should return to it very soon; but he did not. Other business took his time, and the block was allowed to remain in the top, swaying, and chafing its lashings, with every roll of the ship, until it finally broke loose, and came on deck, as we have seen.

And the ponderous block had come down with its iron hook foremost, and had struck directly in the centre of the coil of rope which I had been using for a pillow!—and when I came to stoop, and feel with my fingers, I found that it had crushed into the solid substance of the planking so that I could place two of my fingers into the dent!

I told to the men of my watch the story of my narrow escape, and every one pronounced it miraculous. That there was a finger of Providence in it they all believed as firmly as they believed that they had seen the block, and the place where it fell. When they asked me what had awakened me, I told them, A Dream. But I did not tell them the nature of that dream. I reserved that for Jo. Long; and on the following day, when we were alone, I sat down and told him the whole story. When he had heard it he took my hand and looked calmly into my face.

"Beck., my boy," said he, "you'll never again doubt that our minds, or souls, have got powers beyond the limits of these poor bodies of ours. This body is only a restin'-place, like, for the soul that God has made. That soul can live with the body, or without it; and there are times when it gets information from beyond any point that the bodily powers can grasp. Didn't I promise ye, some time ago, 'at I'd tell ye a story of a wonderful presentiment I once had?"

"Yes," I told him. "You promised me a long time ago."

"Well—I'll tell it to you this very day. I don't want to tell it to the crew, for some on 'em mightn't take it as I like to have such things taken. But I'll tell it to you."

After Jo. left me I went down into the cabin and wrote down the circumstances of the adventure, being careful to note the time of the occurrence; for I intended to question my mother when I got home. In my own mind I had no doubt that my life had been saved by a direct interposition of Divine Providence; and from that time my heart was turned towards my Father in Heaven with new emotions—emotions that were destined to endure through all the coming years of life.

* * *

—The wolf saw the horse gallop by, with a young lad on its back. "Why do you let yourself be ruled by a weak child, whom you could crush in a moment?" said the wolf. "Hadn't I better submit to this," replied the horse, "than to howl and fight as you do, and then get killed for my obstinacy." Moral: "What can't be cured must be endured."

A CURIOUS NEW-YORK ANIMAL.

There is an animal peculiar to New-York, who infests every nook and corner of it, to everybody's disgust but his own. He is a boy in years, but a man in vicious knowledge. Every woman who is unfortunate enough to be in his presence is simply a *she*—nothing more. He may be seen making a charmed circle of expectoration, about the seat he occupies in a ferry-boat, ferry-house, or car, while she stands half fainting with exhaustion, in hearing distance of his coarse, prurient remarks to some other little beast like himself. Pea-nuts are the staple food of this creature, the shells of which he snaps dexterously at those about him, when other means of amusement give out. When a public conveyance has reached its point of destination, this animal is the first to make an insane rush for egress, treading down young children, and tearing ladies' clothing in his triumphal march. Sometimes he stops on the way to "bung out the eye" of an offending youngster, in so tight a place for a combat that somebody's corpse seems inevitable. Terrified ladies, who would fain give him elbow room if they had it, faintly ejaculate "Oh!" as they squeeze themselves into the smallest breathable space; nor does he desist, till his adversary is punished for the crime of existing without this brute's permission; he then emerges into the open street, settling his greasy jacket and indescribable hat, muttering oaths, and squaring off occasionally, as he looks behind him, as though he wished somebody else was "spiling for a licking."

Often this animal may be found in the city parks; where the city corporation generously furnishes about one seat to every hundred children, and selecting the shadiest and most eligible, stretches himself on it upon his stomach, while tired little children and their female attendants wander round in vain for a resting place. Sometimes sitting upon it, he will stretch out his leg so as to trip some unwary, happy little child in passing; or perhaps he will suddenly give a deafening shout in its ear, for the pleasure of hearing it cry; or from a pocket well stuffed with pebbles will skilfully pelt its clean clothes from a safe distance; and sometimes this animal, who smokes at ten years like a man of forty, will address a passing lady with such questions as these:

"Oh, aint *you* bully? Oh, give *her* room enough to walk!—oh, yes!" Or, "who's *your* beau, Sally?" which last cognomen seems with them to constitute a safe guess.

When not otherwise occupied, this young gentleman writes offensive words on door-steps and fences with bits of chalk, which he keeps on hand for this purpose. Or, if a servant has just nicely cleaned a window, he chews gum into little balls wherewith to plaster it; or he kicks over an ash-barrel in passing upon a nicely swept side-walk; or he rings the door-bell violently, and makes a flying exit, having ascertained previously the policeman's "beat" on that district; or he climbs the box round a favorite tree, which has just begun by its grateful shade to refresh your eye and reward your care, and, stripping off the most promising bough for a switch, goes up street picking off the leaves and scattering them as he goes; or he will stand at the bottom of a high flight of steps, upon the top step of which is a lady waiting for admittance, and scream, "Oh, my—aint *you* got bully boots on?" He also is expert at stealing newspapers from door-steps, and vociferating bogus extra's about shocking murders and fires and "*lass* of life," and flowers out in full glory in a red shirt, in the pit of a Bowery theatre of an evening.

Sometimes he diverts himself throwing stones at the windows of passing cars, and splintering the glass into the eyes of frightened ladies and children, and suddenly disappearing as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, as you wish some day it would.

What this boy will be as a man it is not difficult to tell. He counts one at the ballot-box, remember that, when you deny cultivated, intelligent, loyal *women* a vote there.

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. R.—Strictly speaking, the husband of a wife's sister is not a brother-in-law, although among relatives *who are on friendly terms* he is socially so regarded. The brother of a husband or wife, or a sister's husband, is a brother-in-law. If A married B's sister, then A and B were brothers-in-law; but C, who married the sister of Mrs. A, was not A's brother-in-law, in the legal meaning of the term. So the fact that A, in his will, gives his two imported cows *to his brother-in-law*, does not give C, the husband of Mrs. A's sister, any show of claim on them, as against Mrs. A's own brother. If the latter, (Mrs. A's brother,) had been dead at the time the will was made, and A knew that he was dead, so that in bequeathing the two cows to his "brother-in-law" he could not have had any one but C in his mind, it is barely possible that in that case C might have made a good legal claim for them, although many a sound lawyer would not even then have hesitated to take the field against him—for a good fee. As you state the matter, "the wife's sister's husband" will spend his money in vain in contesting for the cows with the "wife's brother."

HIGH ASPIRATION.—Your trouble is selfishness—downright, unmitigated selfishness. You are right in supposing that the girl whom you have "some notion" of making your wife would be apt to find living with you a most unpleasant business. If something could happen to you, so you would have to give up your own fancies and pet indulgencies for the sake of others, for a long period of time, your selfishness might be overcome to such a degree as to render you a not intolerable companion, but no ordinary treatment or experience would suffice to work a permanent cure.

KENTUCKIENNE.—If a man is so selfish and sensitive as to take offence every time his own wishes happen to be thwarted by circumstances, the best way is to have nothing to do with him. When a man calls on a lady, without having notified her of his intention to call at a stated hour, and finds that she is not at home, he has not only no right whatever to take umbrage at her absence, but his doing so would be a piece of intolerable impertinence, for which a due apology should be exacted.

MISUNDERSTANDING.—When a marriage engagement has been broken off, there is no *obligation* on the parties to return presents that have been made. In the case you mention, where the lover had given his expected wife a silk dress several months before the engagement was broken, it seems rather queer for him to wish her to return it. But perhaps he wants to present the *old* dress to a *new* sweetheart.

ROMEO.—What business had you and the young lady to "get engaged" without the knowledge or consent of her parents? We do not blame them for forbidding you to enter their house. You must do the best you can to conciliate them; and if unsuccessful, you must wait till age and circumstances shall confer the right and power of independent action upon the young lady.

M. P.—It was well enough for you to offer the lady a seat in the car, but it was rude for you to *insist* on her taking it. When "politeness" becomes *aggressive* and *tyrannical* it at the same time becomes a nuisance; in other words, it is not polite but impertinent for any one to attempt to impose his will upon another whose actions he has no right to control.

MATHEMATICS.—Before one can be made to understand the formulas of the higher mathematics, he must have got far enough along to be able in some degree to carry on abstract mental generalizations. In your present state of advancement, it is a waste of time for you to discuss matters which you will hardly be able to understand two years hence.

M. L. G.—You can get a full set of *Ledgers* for the year 1863, as every number is electrotyped, and back numbers are printed from time to time as they are needed to keep up the supply. The price of the fifty-two numbers will be $3.12; and you can order them of us or of any newsdealer.

A. B. C.—The "remedy for being bashful and tongue-tied in society" is to frequent society as much as possible, and store one's mind with useful knowledge, so as to have something to say when an opportunity for conversation occurs.

DETECTIVE.—This correspondent says: "I have a long time suffered from the suspicion that I hav erring husband. He visits New York about t times a week, on pretence of business, and someti stays away so long that his business here at home fers. His conduct is such that I am certain he i ing on badly, and that if something is not don stop him he will bring me and our little ones to sh and beggary. I have advised with the Rev. Mr. — whose church I attend, and also with a lawyer wh a friend of our family; and they thought it would best for me to employ a private detective to follow my husband and see what his true course is when is away from home. This seems to me to be the b thing I can do, and what I want you to tell me is h I can find the right kind of a detective and wha must do to get him to help me." We decline to re der you any assistance of the kind which you des The idea of a wife's setting a detective on the track her husband is revolting to us, and to our mind co only be out-Heroded by a husband's setting a detecti on the track of his wife. Such conduct as that is u speakably unbecoming on the part of any one w pretends to be even a civilized being.

C. R. W., (Buffalo).—Your problem of "the dit one hundred rods long, to be dug by two men f $100, each to have $50, the one who digs at the ha end of the ditch to have ten shillings a rod, and t other at the soft end six shillings a rod," is almost old as the oldest American arithmetic. If you reck eight shillings to the dollar, you can't make the tw diggers meet on a line that will give each of the $50; because, at $1.25 a rod, it will take forty ro to come to $50, leaving sixty rods for the other digge which, at $0.75 a rod, would come to only $45. B when this problem was first set afloat, some of th States reckoned seven shillings and six-pence, ninety pence, to the dollar, and with that curren the problem can be successfully worked. Reckonin 7s. 6d., or 90d., to the dollar, the man who got 10s. rod would have to dig 37½ rods to earn his $50; an the other, at 6s. a rod, would have to dig 62½ rods t earn $50. The working out of such a problem is, course, no fair test of a person's arithmetical know edge, and the school committee that rejected th young lady's application for a situation as teacher be cause she could not do it, acted unfairly.

WILD.—The trouble which you say that you "an thousands of other honest people" have got into b buying and selling tickets for a "grand prize co cert" is all traceable to a departure from the line o strict uprightness by yourself and the "thousands o other honest people." The adroit "operators" i such swindles build their hopes of success on the pre ponderating greed and dishonesty of a large portio of the community. They know that if they spread promise of great gain at a trifling risk before a hun dred people, that several of the hundred will "go in without questioning the morality of the enterpris *until they find that they have been duped*, when, course, the dupers have them at a vast disadvantage and can afford to laugh at their snivelling complaint of swindling, etc. If you will yourself always ac from the highest motives, the chances are that yo will seldom have occasion to complain of the motive or the conduct of others.

KINGSTON.—Your statement is, that "A owes B $2,000 for merchandize, bought in the month of May, subject to 5 per cent discount in thirty days." That means, we suppose, that if A pays B the amount of his bill within thirty days, he is to have 5 per cent discount—such discount being an inducement to speedy payment, and only to be allowed on the payment of the whole amount within the specified time. You further say that on A's sending B $950 "in fifteen or twenty days—being all the money he could raise—he requested B to credit him with $1,000, as 5 per cent off of $1,000 would leave $950." On this point it seems a discussion has arisen, "as some think that A's request was right, and others that it was wrong." If B agreed to take 95 cents on the dollar of A, payable at A's option, then the request of the latter to count his $950 as $1,000 on account, was all right; otherwise, it was not.

ANXIOUS naively states the following case, saying: "I am in love with a young lady who receives my attentions with kindness, and whose family think a great deal of me. But she is engaged to a young man living at a distance. I know I could draw her away from him, but being a Christian I am undecided whether it would be honorable or not; so please enlighten me." You are not a Christian but a hypocrite. Could one who honestly squared his life by the Golden Rule for a moment doubt what would be the right thing for him to do in such a case as the one which you state as [illegible] your own? Would you like to have a man draw *your* girl away from *you* under such circumstances as those which you detail?

CLARENDON.—You put altogether too fine a point on your criticism. Your wife was, in fact, right, and you were wrong. Her exclamation, "Why, all the water is drank," was perfectly correct. Such an expression is analogous to the phrases, "all his money is gone," "his property is all lost," &c. Your notion that the only correct expression would be, "all the water that *was* there *is* gone," will not "hold water" at all. Would you say, "all the money that Mr. A. once had is gone," or "all Mr. A.'s money is gone;" "the health that Mr. B. once had is broken down," or "Mr. B.'s health is broken down."

F. Y. S.—There is doubtless a plenty of places in California, Nevada and Idaho where a man can dig gold without buying the land, if he could only find them. Any mine, or portion of a mine, that has not already been taken up, is open to the "prospector," or gold-seeker. The only expense to which he is put is that of recording his claim, and a few other local outlays which are merely nominal.

V. V.—The young lady to whom you are engaged, and who so often acts coldly towards you, and who is always telling you of the superior qualities of a lover to whom she was formerly engaged, and who is constantly comparing her former happiness with her present misery, would not be apt to make your home a paradise, or even to make it a tolerable abiding place for the most prosaic of husbands.

VIOLA.—Many a married lady makes it a rule never to take the arm of any gentleman except it be her husband's or some relative's, under any circumstances. This is a rule which any married woman has a perfect right to adhere to; and if such adherence on her part should give any man offence, she ought to give him all his lifetime in which to get over it.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—An author is not to be held accountable for departures from the standards of orthography and orthoepy on the part of his characters. When an unlettered person is represented as speaking or writing, he must be allowed to speak and write *according to his own scholarship*, and not according to that of the author who invents and portrays him.

AN ORPHAN.—You should not allow yourself to anticipate trouble in regard to the marriage of your "intended's" brother to a rich young lady. It may be that his parents will think a great deal more of you than of their rich daughter-in-law. At any rate, you should not, by moping over such matters, bring to pass the very evils which you fear.

DRY DOCK.—Your friend is mistaken in supposing that a girl is "of age" when she becomes eighteen years old. That is a popular notion, but it is erroneous; in that respect, at least, woman in this State is on a perfect legal equality with man, and is compelled to live twenty-one years in this world before she can "come to her majority."

M. A. H.—The name of the inventor of the art of printing is spelt *Gutenberg*.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

[From the New-York Tribune.]

A Card from Mr. Bonner.

We print the following card in justice to Mr. Bonner. It refers to a telegram from Saratoga which, to our regret, appeared in yesterday's *Tribune:*

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: As Rev. Mr. M'Chesney disclaims the authorship of the objectionable remarks about the *Ledger*, as attributed to him by a Saratoga paper, and complains of my holding him responsible therefor, without first ascertaining whether the report of his remarks was correct or not, I wish to state that I have no disposition to do him any injustice. He says that if I had myself been present, and heard his sermon, he does not think that I could have objected to what he said about the *Ledger*. The origin of the matter seems to have been a remark of a newsman, very complimentary to the *Ledger*, which was that he noticed there were a good many religious people among its readers; and why should there not be with so many leading Doctors of Divinity among its contributors?

ROBERT BONNER.